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THE QUIVER



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Q.—Sept., 1909.]

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[Face Cover 2.]



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TO ENSURE White Teeth
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To obtain it is the easiest thing in the world, and you will be delighted with the magical improvement that it will affect in your appearance. It will take years off your age, and make you fresher, younger, and altogether more attractive-looking.

THE NICHEST BEAUTY.

This unique offer comes from the greatest hair specialist of the present day, Mr. Edwards, of the Edwards' Harlene Co., a man who has made the hair and its special ailments a lifelong study, and whose hair preparations are used in the Courts and Palaces of every country in Europe.

To every reader of this magazine who writes at once to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C. (enclosing three penny stamps for postage), Mr. Edwards will send by post—

1. **A Large Trial Bottle** of "Harlene" containing a sufficient quantity for one week's trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

2. **A Manual of Instructions** enabling everyone to carry out the "Drill" in the most easy and beneficial manner.

3. **A supply of the new "Cremex" Shampoo Powder** for shampooing the hair and scalp once a week—precisely the same treatment as has been practised with such good effect by several Royalties whose heads are well crowned in the double sense.

The improvement that can be wrought in the hair by even a short course of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" would scarcely be credited by those who have not actually experienced it, or who have not seen it in others.

Of course, everyone cannot expect a week's trial of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" to do what has taken years, perhaps, to bring about, but everyone who conscientiously practises the movements laid down in the "Drill-Manual" of instruction supplied with the free trial outfit will be **delighted at the change even in seven days**. Even in the most obstinate cases a few months of this

treatment will cause the growth of new, healthy, and glossy hair in abundance, and all hair troubles will completely disappear.

To those who suffer with such hair ailments as—

Falling Hair,
Thin Hair,
Scurfy Scalp,
Brittle Hair,
Greasy Hair,

Dull or Discoloured Hair,
Patchy Baldness,
Grey Hair,
Lifeless Hair,
Total Baldness, etc., etc.,

"Harlene Hair-Drill" will come like some all-powerful fairy prince to the rescue of the proverbial maiden in distress. It will liberate the hair from the shackles of weakness and disease, and bring forth hair luxuriant, lustrous, glowing, free from all poverty and want—a Cinderella transformed beyond all recognition.

At the end of this article you will find a coupon, or form of application. This you should fill up at once with your full name and address, and post it to the address given. As the mere postage of so many thousands of packages would entail a very heavy expense, you are asked to enclose with your application three penny stamps to cover the cost of postage, although if you care to bring the form properly filled up to the offices of the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C., no outlay of any kind will be involved, and you will receive this valuable toilet necessary absolutely free of charge. At the end of your Seven Days' Free Trial you will require further supplies of "Harlene"

and "Cremex." They can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the head office as above, on receipt of postal order or cheque. "Harlene" in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles. "Cremex" in boxes of 6 for 1s.



Two minutes' use of the famous preparation contained in the bottle, according to the equally famous directions contained in the leaflet, will have a most pleasing effect upon the condition and appearance of your hair. The new shampoo powder, "Cremex," which is included in this offer, has been specially prepared by Mr. Edwards for the purpose of promoting scalp-cleanness and scalp-hygiene. It cleanses the scalp from all dandruff and other unhealthy conditions. You need not remain bald, you need not go bald. You need not stay grey-haired, you need not fear greyness. If you send for this package and follow the advice it contains you will be able to wear your "crown of nature" in all its beauty for the whole length of your life. Write today for one of the Presentation Packages.

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The Quiver,
Sept. 1929

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TEN SPLENDID BLANKETS. The Lot for 25/- Carriage Paid.

A SIMPLY ASTOUNDING BARGAIN—ALMOST SENSATIONAL IN CHARACTER.

These are all fine quality, perfect goods, and not soiled in any way.



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One Good Homespun Blanket, natural shade. Very useful, warm quality.

One Heavy, Warm, Good Wearing Natural Blanket, with shaded borders. Full size.

One Superb Quality White Yorks Witney Blanket. Thick, warm, finest quality. Large size.

One Useful Coloured Blanket. Soft, warm, and comfortable. Full size.

One Splendid White Yorks Witney Blanket, fit for a palace. Superb quality. Size 70 in. by 88 in.

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1. Impressions of 78 Prominent Persons.

V.—MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.

Mr. George R. Sims has done, and it is not a mere empty phrase to say that, wherever the flag of England waves, the magic letters G. R. S. are cut indelibly upon its staff.

The Inventor of Tatcho.

But—there is always a "but"—it is as an inventor and not as a literary man that Mr. George R. Sims's name will be handed down to posterity. Tatcho is not only a word that has grown into the English language, it is a substance that has caused a growth upon almost despairing heads all the world over.

The above marked paragraph is cut from the "Manchester Dispatch."

With the sentiments expressed by the Editor those men and women who have had experience of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho" treatment for loss of hair—and their name is legion—will heartily agree.

Everywhere the new is crowding out the old. The marvels of electricity, the automobile, the airship, and other almost human machines, all of the discoveries which are making a new world almost every day, are crowding out old-time ideas. The progressive man pays very little attention to what was done in the past. He faces the sun of progress; he looks towards the light; he holds his mind open. The present state of the world's progress is the result of breaking away from worn-out, cast-off ideas and prejudices.

Once Bald, always Bald,

was a truism until Mr. George R. Sims discovered the true hair-grower, which he christened under the Romany title of "Tatcho." It would be equally a truism to-day but for Mr. Sims' discovery. Thousands who have kept an open mind, in view of the possibilities of modern medical science, have in Mr. George R. Sims' discovery found complete disillusionment from this antiquated notion. With "Tatcho" there is now not only hope, but assurance, for the bald. Such a discovery must surely bring unction to the soul of the bald-headed, and to those drifting into baldness. A large percentage of the bald accept their condition as a matter of course, though why in this "Tatcho" era they should so tamely

surrender their birthright it is difficult to imagine.

Grey Hairs are Dignified,

even becoming, to some people, but baldness is a thing of horror which all resent. In giving "Tatcho" to the world Mr. George R. Sims has put loss of hair altogether under our own control, and those who resent their condition must turn for relief to his genuine true remedy.

A few impressions of prominent members of society may be quoted in support of Mr. George R. Sims' discovery of the true hair-grower, each testimony being a purely spontaneous utterance of the absolutely unfettered and unbiased confession of one who, having found a trusty, true remedy for loss of hair, desires to tell the world of it.

A well-known English medical practitioner writes:—

"I can speak in high terms of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' 'Tatcho.' No other treatment for the Hair, in my opinion, can compare with it. I have recommended it to hundreds of patients and non-patients."

Philip Hookes

Writing of her experience of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho," Lady Sykes says:—

"2, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, W.
"When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims' 'Tatcho' I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying 'Tatcho' I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend 'Tatcho.'"

Lady Sykes

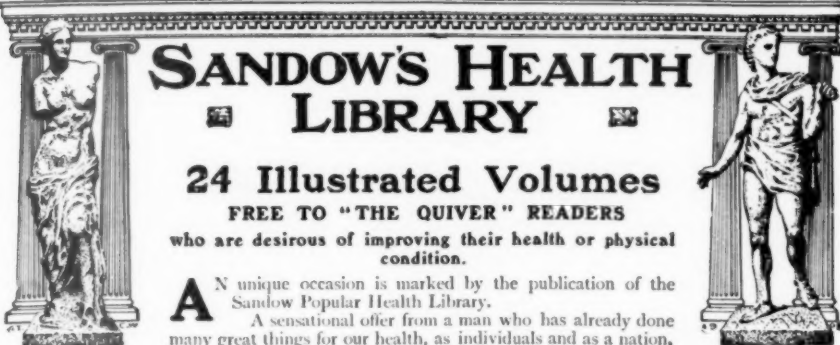
Commander T. Wolfe Murray writes:—

"Trobridge, Crediton.
"I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims' 'Tatcho' of distinct benefit to my hair."

*T. Wolfe Murray
Commander*

IF YOU WANT "TATCHO"

you will be able to obtain it in bottles at 1s., 2s., and 4s. from any Chemist, Pharmacist, or Stores in the United Kingdom, or it will be forwarded direct to any reader on receipt of postal order addressed to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London.



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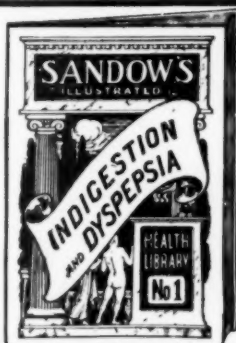
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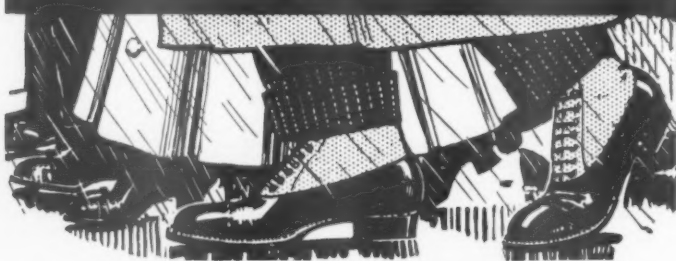
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The Quiver, September, 1909

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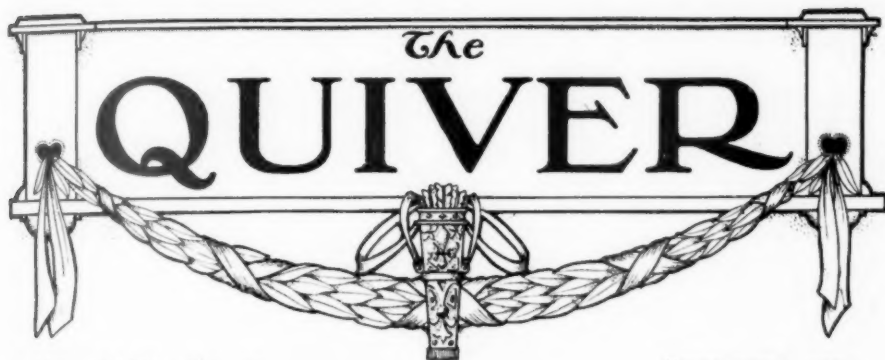
SEPTEMBER, 1909

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 WED. <i>St. Giles</i> | 16 THURS. P.O. Savings Bank opened 1861 |
| 2 THURS. Board of Trade established 1780 | 17 FRI. (18) G. Macdonald d. 1904 |
| 3 FRI. Cromwell d. 1658 | 18 SAT. Australian Commonwealth proclaimed 1900 |
| 4 SAT. French Republic declared 1870 | 19 Sunday 15th after Trinity |
| 5 Sunday 13th after Trinity | 20 MON. Dr. Barnardo d. 1904 |
| 6 MON. Archbishop Sumner d. 1862 | 21 TUES. <i>St. Matthew</i> |
| 7 TUES. Hannah More d. 1833 | 22 WED. (21) Scott d. 1832 |
| 8 WED. Fall of Sebastopol 1855 | 23 THURS. Wilkie Collins d. 1889 |
| 9 THURS. (10) Queen Henrietta Maria d. 1669 | 24 FRI. Pan-Anglican Synod instituted 1807 |
| 10 FRI. Mungo Park b. 1771 | 25 SAT. Relief of Lucknow 1857 |
| 11 SAT. Battle of Malplaquet 1709 | 26 Sunday 16th after Trinity |
| 12 Sunday 14th after Trinity | 27 MON. George Cruikshank b. 1792 |
| 13 MON. Mr. Asquith b. 1852 | 28 TUES. Thomas Day, author, d. 1789 |
| 14 TUES. Pres. McKinley d. 1901 | 29 WED. <i>Michaelmas Day</i> |
| 15 WED. (16) Dean Colet (St. Paul's), d. 1519 | 30 THURS. Lord Roberts b. 1832 |



THE FISHERMAN'S LASS.

(By Graystone Bird.)



VOL. XLIV., No. 10

SEPTEMBER, 1909

Cap'n Davie's New Pilot

A Complete Story

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of the western dales it is held as an article of faith that Captain David Rule, better known as "Cap'n Davie," is the merriest, maddest, lovablest old man on the face of the green earth, and, although there are times when the dales-folk profess to be shocked by the little skipper's eccentricities, there is not a man or woman among them who will accept a word of criticism from the lips of a stranger. Cap'n Davie is just Cap'n Davie in spite of what any foolish body may think or say. Against this it is insisted in the hamlets down by the coast that the old master-mariner can do what he likes with the dales-folk, twist them round his little finger or set them dancing from a string, and Cap'n Davie has been known to receive the accusation with a smile.

After the manner of sailors, he is a happy-go-lucky soul, and his sun always appears to be shining, but no one can doubt that a bitter blow was dealt him when the old vicar was taken—Cap'n Davie always called him the Old Pilot, whereat the vicar was greatly pleased—and, when the appointment of a successor was made, the little man again grew as grave as the sternest sheep-farmer in the dales, and took to tramping his garden with hands clasped behind his back, and his head downbent.

It was Mumberson of Stonybeck who

brought the news from market, along with a roll of gingham for the wife and daughters, four yards of French merino for Mistress Gaskell, and a paper bag full of millinery flowers for old Betty Elliott. He was a rare hand at shopping was Mumberson, and, according to the women folk, his taste was every bit as good as that of any London madam—indeed, some would have it that Mumberson could teach the London lady ever so much if she would only condescend to learn. Mumberson was clearly a man with a gift.

This time, however, the bargains were neglected. It was the news that commanded attention, and by it the folk who dwell among the crags at Foot of the Fell were moved at first to the grim smile which stands with them for laughter, and afterwards to dismay.

The thing was incredible. Among themselves they had whispered that in all the world there was not another man who was fit to wear the shoes of the old vicar, but they had hoped that at least one would be sent to them well versed in the mysteries of the hills and the round of the shepherd's life, and to this hope they had added the belief that the man would be one unto whom years of discretion had been given.

And here was Mumberson with his news that the new vicar was a townsman, and

one who to that disadvantage added the still greater one of youth.

"It's true as gospel," Mumberson declared to an incredulous group at the smithy door. "Had it first of all fra Jossy Fairbairn, and after that Sampson Lowther cum wid a Carel paper an' showed me the thing in print. There was a rigmarole aboot hafe a yard lang, bit aw I can remember is that his name's the Rev. Hugh Langton, that he cums fra Liverpool, an' that his years are nut much different till thirty—I can't be exacter nor that, for I nivver tak' much stock of youngsters' ages."

That, indeed, was just the point. The dale took little stock of youngsters' ages—and until a man was able to show the first of the grey hairs he was regarded as one of the juveniles, and consequently a person of small account.

There is reason to believe that Mumberson had the time of his life in the days that followed his discovery, for he was not only an expert shopper, but he was also endowed with a magnificent taste for gossip, and, when news failed to travel fast and far, it was not his fault. By noon on the second day he had tramped all the way to Blackghyll, and of course into every one of the scattered cots he must cry his news—"T' new vicar's been picked—an' he's nobbut a bit lad—did ye ivver hear the like?—nobbut a bit lad."

Taking one home with another, his reception was most gratifying; the sharp word, the shaken head, the uplifted hand, all united in declaring that Foot of the Fell, given into the hands of a youth from the towns, would be as a place whose glory had departed. About the hour of sundown the grand gossipier passed over the bridge into Head of the Dale, where the home of Cap'n Davie does sentinel duty, and when he turned away from the gate the old skipper took off his cap and scratched his head.

"So we've got t' ship a young pilot," he reflected; "that's bad—i'r the pilot. They're not over fond of young uns hereabouts. Strikes me it's going t' be a case of all hands stand by, or else that pilot's going t' run on a reef. I'd better be overhauling some of the tackle an' see how much pull it'll stand. An' he said his name was Hugh Langton. Strikes me I've tripped across it before, but I'm blest if I can reck'lect where. Anyhow, I must hail him

as soon's he heaves in sight, and if I like the cut of his jib I must just stand by. This is what comes of living among a pack of mountains—folks get t' think that a man hasn't learned sense till he's as old as Methuselah, and that what he knows isn't worth knowing unless it consarns sheep and wool. Hugh Langton! Ay, that's the name. Mighty funny how it seems t' have slipped into my log-book and won't show itself. Anyhow, when the young pilot comes aboard I'll see what sort of a figure-head he's got an' what sort of a flag he's sailing under. Young uns should always be given a chance, and a line what's thrown at the right moment may stave off a shipwreck."

It was the day of the daffodil, the time also of the modest violet, the valiant primrose, and the flaming gorse, when Hugh Langton entered his new kingdom, and the man reckoned himself as one who rode through the lanes of paradise. In other springtimes a bunch of daffodils had been wealth to him, and here they were in massed battalions, thousands and thousands, all the way from the coast to the hills; the sight of a tiny bunch of weakly primroses in a flower-girl's basket he had counted one of the joys of life, and here were the florets of promise by the million; he had revelled in the singing of a single lark, and here, in the place he would now call home, the whole expanse of heaven seemed to be filled with melody.

Afterwards Hugh Langton confessed that the wonders of that day were wonders that grew with the hours. From the lanes he turned into the old-fashioned garden at the vicarage, and thence to his new home, where he discovered that a treasure-house had been given to him, a house with quaint nooks and corners, and windows that were as big as rooms, and black beams and oak paneling everywhere.

And then as a climax to it all there was that bewitching picture painted by the setting sun upon the face of the Screes, whose ribs of syenite and porphyry and ruddy ore were flushed into life, and ran down into the waters of the lake in glittering rainbow bars. It was impossible to resist the call, and hurriedly he passed through the defile where the lake begins its journey into the heart of the mountain lands, and it was there, when the sun had ceased its wizard work, that Cap'n Davie found him.

"Beg parding, sir, but are you the noo pilot?" This was David's greeting, and when Hugh turned round he found himself looking down into a pair of merry blue eyes, set deep in a nut-brown face, and crowned by sundry wisps of snow-white hair.

Hugh warmed to the old man at once.

"Yes, I'm the new pilot," he replied, and held out his hand.

"I thought you must be the moment I clapped my eyes on you," David rattled on; "that's why I hailed you. I was just heading for the parsonage, y' see. I wanted t' have a look at your figure-head, so that I could make up my mind whether t' stand by."

"And will the figure-head do?"

The captain stepped back and eyed the young clergyman critically.

"I'm going t' stand by," he declared, and somehow the Rev. Hugh Langton found a sort of lump rise in his throat. He knew that he had made a friend.

Having advanced thus far, the skipper proceeded to introduce himself. "I'm Cap'n David Rule, sir. Been knocking about the seas f'r nigh on fifty years, and now I've put my anchor down in the little cottage at Head of the Dale, where I was born. Rummy thing, isn't it, when you come t' reckon it up? I started off one fine day t' seek my fortune. There were riches in the world, and I meant t' have my share—and I've got 'em, too, but not the sort I'd set my heart on."

"But if they satisfy you, Captain——"

"That's just how I put it to myself an' the parrot. Riches is just as you look at



"The crew might mutiny."—p. 904.

'em. There's some folks rolling in gold, an' yet they're as poor as Lazarus. And here am I—I've got the old cot, in the old dale, with enough t' eat, and not a care in the world, an' if that isn't wealth, what is? So, you see, I've found my fortune after all."

"And where is the cottage, Captain?"

"Near enough f'r you to reach it, Mister Langton, when you want a bit of a cruise with a cup o' tea at the end. There's only me and the parrot, and the dog, and a couple o' love-birds, and a heap of furrin knick-knacks that I've picked up here and there. And you shall have real China tea out of a real China cup, with some woollen bread, such as you never tasted in them silly towns

where they don't know how t' make anything, barrin' cheap stuff. An' if ever you want t' drop in after dark, you'll be able t' steer a straight course. You see I've rigged up a bit of a lighthouse, an' I keep the light going all the night through."

"What's the idea, Captain?"

"Oh, just a sailor's notion, sir. There's nobody knows the comfort of a light like a sailor. S'pose you're heading for port on a dark night, the murk's all about you, an' there isn't a star t' be seen, and suddenly, away t' starboard, a glimmer an' glow flashes out of the blackness, an' you say 'That's St. Bee's light,' an' at once you feel as if you'd almost got your feet on the fender at home. An' these mountains are terrible lonesome; it's far easier t' get lost up there than at sea, and that's why I keep my lighthouse going—for the comfort of them that are wandering on the hills."

"And"—Hugh fumbled with the question, partly because he felt afraid of the answer—"and why are you going to stand by?"

"Oh, just another notion. It's a weakness I've got. A bit of help means such a lot to a youngster, beggin' your parding, and—and besides, it isn't always straight sailing for a new hand—and the crew might mutiny, in which case——"

"In which case," Hugh interrupted, "I'll remember that Captain David Rule is standing by. Meanwhile, perhaps you can give me a hint as to what measures I should adopt to avoid a mutiny."

Hugh had no difficulty now in perceiving the drift of the skipper's move, and a sense of dismay gripped him as he realised that he had come to a people who were hostile to him. Forewarned, however, he might avoid some of the pitfalls of error, though the captain was obviously embarrassed, and was again engaged in a reflective scratching of his head.

"Rules is rules, and acts is acts," he replied at length, "and you can't very well round a buoy till you get athwart it. Still, if this was my craft, I wouldn't give the law an' the prophets much of a show in my sermons, but I'd put as much of the loving-kindness of the Master in as ever I could manage. Second, I'd try t' forget that I was a town-body. Dales-folk haven't much respect f'r townsfolk, for the most they see are the towerists, who come an' play their monkey tricks on the mountains, an' tumble

down an' break their necks, an' call it pleasure. And third, I'd try an' keep my eye fixed on the old vicar, an' always bear this in mind—that, while the old vicar gave them the Word as they liked t' have it, he was also a man who pottered about a lot. He was classed A1 at pottering. If he wanted a thing done, he did it himself—he wasn't always whistling for Jack, nor ringing the bell for Jane.

"An' when dales-folk were in trouble the old vicar was in trouble, too; when sheep were lost the old vicar never reckoned the depth of the snowdrifts, but he turned out on the fells with the rest of the seekers, and when work was pressing he was always ready t' bear a hand, and never give a thought t' the dirt he was likely t' get on his hands and his clothes.

"There was another thing—he didn't like a fuss. He lived among his people, an' he took 'em as he found 'em. If he dropped in unawares at tea-time, an' pint mugs were on the table, vicar'd have his tea out of a pint mug as well, an' he'd dip into the dish with the rest of them. An' that was why, when the old vicar was taken, the dales-folk nearly broke their hearts, 'cause they'd just lost one of their own. An'—an'—them's all the rules agen mutiny I can think on at present, an' I must be getting away t' see t' my lantern. Good-night, sir. You'll not forget. Cap'n David Rule at your service, an' he's always standing by."

Hugh Langton waited on the spur of rock by the lake-side until the little skipper had been swallowed by the mists now rolling down the dale, and after this he went back to his new home, and began a letter to his mother wherein something was said about the flowers and the mountains, and something about the quaint old vicarage, but more about an odd little sailor-man who had given him some rules of conduct, and was going to stand by as his friend.

Cap'n Davie, on the other hand, addressed his conclusions to a bedraggled parrot with a wicked eye and an asthmatical voice.

"I've fixed him up, Poll," he said. "That young man's been across my track before, though he doesn't know it, an' if things begin t' happen I'll have t' look up Billy Trickett. Mister Langton's a young man what's been casting bread upon the waters, and if them rules don't work

properly, we'll have t' fetch some of that bread back after many days."

* * * * *

According to the rules given to him by Cap'n Davie, the new vicar ought to have captured the affections of his people by the end of his first summer in the dale. But, also according to the old mariner, "rules is rules, and acts is acts," and "there was a screw loose somewhere," by which he probably meant that opportunity was the one thing lacking. That Langton was making some progress is shown by the testimony of Jacob Brewster, who confessed that by "t' time young parson had been anudder ten 'ear in t' dale, he wadn't be surprised if folk began to tak' to him."

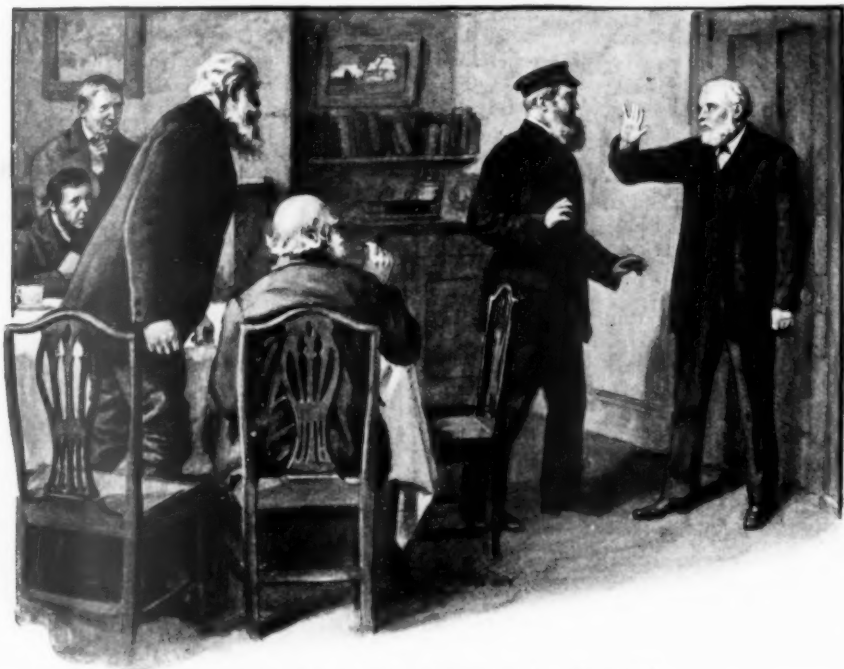
It was the building of that new tool-house which gave rise to the prophecy, for when the dales-folk beheld their vicar with an old hat jammed on the back of his head, coat cast aside, and sleeves rolled up, marching across The Green as the bearer of planks and implements of joinery, and after that trund-

ling a wheelbarrow, it was realised that for a townsman he was shaping uncommonly well.

After the lapse of days, however, Cap'n Davie clearly foresaw that, while Hugh was winning the respect of his people, many years might pass before he had his own place in their hearts; and so, at the beginning of the autumn, he told the parrot that he was going "t' look for some of that bread upon the waters," and thereafter disappeared from the dale.

A fortnight later he reappeared in one of his happiest moods, and in confidence informed the parrot that he had "found some of that bread on the waters, Poll," and that it would be turning up that day three weeks. "If it returned any sooner," he added, "folk might put two and two together, an' think I'd been away looking for it."

Strangely enough, this day of mysterious portent was also the day selected by the skipper for a friendly gathering of his neighbours, a sort of bachelors' party, just for a cup of tea and a biscuit, with a crack



"'No, you don't; not in a temper, my boy'"—p. 906.

over the pipes afterwards. Another singular circumstance was that when Cap'n Davie rose in the morning he hurried out into his garden, and through his telescope carefully searched the tawny ribbon winding round the shoulder of the mountain at the head of the dale, the ribbon which is really not a ribbon at all, but one of the most fearsome mountain passes in that Country of the Lakes. He explained to the parrot that he was afraid the lubber might have made a mistake in his sailing orders, and until the arrival of his guests he maintained a close watch upon the Pass.

There were six of them who gathered around the skipper's table, men of thew and sinew, with high cheekbones and iron frames, with Cap'n Davie as host, and, in the end, a stranger whom none but the captain had ever seen before.

His coming was somewhat tempestuous. After the click of the gate and the shuffle of heavy feet on the shingle path, there was a stentorian hail, "Ahoy, there, Cap'n Rule, ahoy"; and a few seconds later a squat-built sailor-man, with a bronzed face and a bushy red beard, shuffled through the doorway.

"It's Billy Trickett, my old messmate, Billy Trickett, master of the Liverpool tug *Grassendale*," Cap'n Davie explained, by way of introduction. "And who'd have thought of seeing you so far out of your course!"

"Oh, I just looked in as I was passing," Trickett replied in a matter-of-fact fashion, as though a journey through the mountain wilds of Cumberland was an everyday happening. "Never struck such a bit o' navigation as that Pass. What's that? Oh, I've got a bit of furlough; the boat's on the grid having an overhaul, so I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone, meaning yourself and another pal o' mine who's come t' live hereabouts."

"And who is this other messmate you've come up here t' see?" Cap'n Davie asked, when Trickett had dealt with a most substantial tea.

Trickett wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and favoured the dales-men with a wink. "He's a sky-pilot. Name o' Langton. Hugh Langton—that's what he carries on his nameboard." Half a dozen backs suddenly stiffened, and half a dozen pairs of eyes focused themselves on the

figure of the sailor. "He's a real pal, none of your shilly-shally, hot t'-day an' cold t'-morrow. Best pal I ever had. He's the sort that always carries a life-line about with him, an' he's never thinking about himself, but always about somebody else what's not so well off. But then he's been here a tidy bit now, and you'll have found all this out f'r yourselves."

"No, we're only finding it, Billy, my boy." This from Cap'n Davie. "Life travels a bit slow up here, but I'm expecting we'll have got our bearings about the noo vicar in a few years' time."

"A few years!" Bill positively roared his wrath. "Why, I found him out in a few hours. Here, gimme me hat—this is no place f'r me. I'm off."

Trickett jammed his cap on his head, and, with many angry mutterings, moved towards the door, but Cap'n Davie planted himself firmly in the way, and refused to budge. "No, you don't," he said; "not in a temper, my boy. Nobody leaves my old hut till his wrath's gone down. Least of all my old pal Billy Trickett, when he's come all the way over the Pass to see me. 'Sides, I want t' have a talk with you, so sit you down on that there settle, and answer me a plain question. You say our noo vicar's an old pal o' yours—what I want t' know is this: is he the man who stood by you when you were on your beam ends?"

"Same man, David, an' I don't know another like him."

"Well, I'm blest!" The little captain's big, round eyes opened to their widest. "An' t' think that your old pal should be our noo vicar. Billy"—this in a tone of deep reproach—"you should have come an' told us, or else sent a letter."

"Never struck me," Bill snapped. "If you hadn't all been sleeping on your watch, you'd have found him out."

"Aye, but don't you see, my lad, the folks in the dale don't much fancy being led by a youngster, an' while they've been waiting for him t' grow up they've missed some of his points. But now—well, now, we'll have this yarn o' yours."

Thereupon, at a sign from Cap'n Davie, the puzzled dales-men gathered round the sailor-man from Liverpool and listened to his story of the things that Hugh Langton did for him in the dark day of trouble; and when the tale was finished the keen, grey

eyes were blinking, and their lids were suspiciously red.

"That's what he did for me," Billy Trickett concluded with a triumphant flourish of his pipe. "I was wallowin' in the trough as deep as I could get, an' I never thought I could climb t' the crest agen. I was smashed and in despair, a man without hope, an' ready t' let go my grip on life an' the Bible an' God, an' then the parson hove alongside, an' stood by, and worked like a black. An' by-'n'-by, I found that I'd still got another chance, an' I saw the smile come back t' the wife's eyes, an' I got my faith polished up afresh an' my feet on a rock, an' here I am to-day, an' it's all because of what the little parson did for me."

A deep silence fell on the company when Trickett finished his story, naught being heard but the hard breathing of men whose hearts were touched. Then Cap'n Davie spoke again.

"An' I'm thinking, Billy, that you wasn't the only man. The pilot who did so much for you was the man who took Ben Dandy in tow when he was drifting. Tell us about Ben Dandy, Bill."

So Trickett responded with the history of Ben Dandy, and after that with the records of half a dozen other men, some of them rescued from ill-fortune, and some from the husks and the swine. It is certain also that never in all his yarning had Trickett had an audience so fascinated, never had he succeeded so completely in converting interest

to enthusiasm, and as Cap'n Davie watched the faces of his neighbours he knew that the bread cast by Langton upon the waters had indeed returned.

Now and again the dales-men were moved to approving comment. "Man alive, but it's wonderful," would burst from the lips of Samuel Anderson, he who had refused all response to the vicar's advances; and Reuben Fairish, with his "Sakes, but it caps iv'everything," would furnish an all-sufficient note of exclamation.

So absorbed were they that not one of the party heard the footsteps of Hugh Langton on the garden path, and it was not until he stood within the doorway, and in amazement called the name of Billy Trickett, that his arrival was revealed. Now, regarding the events that followed there is some conflict of evidence, but all the witnesses agree about the greatest hand-shaking demonstration ever witnessed in the dale, and by the dales-folk the record of Cap'n Davie's declaration is faithfully preserved.

"All's clear, sir," the little skipper cried. "You call the roll, and we'll answer to our names—and we're all going t' stand by."

It is also reported that the Rev. Hugh Langton denounced the two sailors as a pair of arch-conspirators, and further that when the party dissolved he returned to Foot of the Fell with swinging stride and head erect, after the manner of a man who had parted with a heavy burden.



TREASURE

**A PRICELESS jewel is on the earth,
Which few there be who find,
Or gauge aright its wondrous worth
To body, soul, and mind.**

**It does not shine a dazzling bright,
Nor flash with colours gay,
But glows with calm and steady light
Throughout each night and day.**

**We wear our earthly diadems
As t'wards the light we grope,
Encrusted with the precious gems
Of patience, love, and hope.**

**But these will tarnish, fade, grow black,
Our joys with grief be bent,
If in our diadems we lack
This perfect jewel—content!**

LESLIE MARY OYLER.

Workers at Worship

By T. W. WILKINSON

BENEFICIAL as are many of the institutions in well-conducted human hives, they all pale before the religious service which is sometimes a prelude to, or break in, the day's task. The good which accrues from such a meeting is not to be measured; but it is tangible all the same—more so than many an effect which in the workaday world is taken as a matter of course. Apart from the spiritual results—though they, of course, come first and foremost—the moral tone of an establishment is greatly raised, a sense of fellowship created among the workers, and a bond of union formed between employer and employed.

Religious services in works and warehouses are not as uncommon as suggested by the stress and materialism of our com-

petitive system, though they are more so than they were only a few years ago. Big drapery houses in particular show a falling away as regards gatherings for prayer and praise. When the employer not only boarded and fed his apprentices, but lived with them, and had a semi-paternal solicitude for their moral and spiritual welfare, a morning service was held in many establishments. Now the conditions are changed, and as a result the custom has, in many cases, died out.

A Good Record

It is still observed, however, here and there. One of the establishments in which there has not been a break is that of Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams and Co., in St. Paul's Churchyard. Service began



MEN'S DINING HALL AT MESSRS. J. S. FRY AND SONS' WORKS, BRISTOL.



LEAVING THE SERVICE AT MESSRS. CLARK, NICKOLLS AND COOMBS' WORKS, VICTORIA PARK.

here in 1843 through the influence of Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Williams, who, coming to London as a "young man from the country," was at once an exemplar and a power for good. He wrought so effectually on Mr. George Hitchcock that that gentleman appointed a chaplain to hold morning service for his assistants, all of whom in those days lived on the premises. This has been continued without intermission up to the present time. It takes place in a room near that in which the Young Men's Christian Association—the creation, as few people will need to be reminded, of Sir George Williams—is supposed to have been born, though, in fact, the actual birthplace was a bedroom which has been demolished. Though attendance is voluntary, the absentees are generally few. There is still a chaplain, a City clergyman, who conducts the service save on Monday, when it is taken by one of the heads of departments. That Monday shall be excepted is an old rule—a rule which was formulated out of consideration for the chaplain, who, it was thoughtfully

assumed, must be fatigued on Monday morning in consequence of his duties on Sunday, and ought not, therefore, to rise as early as usual.

In some big manufactories, also, services are held regularly. Of those which take place in London most are conducted, at least occasionally, by local representatives of the City Mission, some of whom do much good work in this direction. Very few of such gatherings are diurnal; they are nearly all weekly or bi-weekly.

At Victoria Park

A weekly meeting for prayer and praise takes place on Monday in the dining-hall at Messrs. Clark, Nickolls and Coombs' works, Victoria Park, London. Bright, short and simple, it is conducted by the Vicar of St. Mark's or by the veteran missionary, Mr. Thomas Dyke, who has laboured in Hackney Wick for fifty years, and whose jubilee was recently celebrated. The meeting opens with a hymn, after which an address is delivered, followed by prayer. As a rule, nearly 1,000 women and girls are present.

In the provinces, however, services in works are mostly conducted by a chaplain or, more frequently, a director or an employer himself. They are of the nature of family gatherings, to be attended by all, from the "captain of industry" down to the youngest recruit. The ruler of an industrial hive shows the faith that is in him by doing himself what he would have others do. A further proof of his sincerity is that, in some cases, the service involves a by no means trifling pecuniary sacrifice, because the meeting takes place in his time—that is to say, it is held out of meal hours. If, then, a morning service lasts only a quarter of an hour, and the average number attending be put as low as 500, the time lost (from a strictly business point of view) in the course of a year must be enormous.

At Messrs. Fry's Works

Two large meetings, led by the heads of the firm, are held every morning in the works of Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Bristol. After breakfast, at nine o'clock, a service for the men takes place in their dining-hall, which, for all its spaciousness—and it is the finest in the West of England—is then well filled, those present numbering more than 1,000. A hymn is sung, a portion of Scripture read, another hymn sung, and then back the men go to work, many of them doubtless heartened by the simple service for bearing the trials of the day. Simultaneously, a similar meeting is held in the girls' dining-hall, in which, as in the other, there is a choir. The singing at both gatherings is excellent, and resounds far and wide over the part of old Bristol in which the vast works are situated.

Probably the custom of having these meetings sprang from that which obtains in the household of a member of the Society of Friends, where it is usual for the head to gather round him every morning his family and servants and hold a short religious service. At all events, it is of long standing at Messrs. Fry's works.

Family Prayers at Bournville

Still larger, though less frequent, meetings are held at Bournville. When, about forty years ago, Messrs. Cadbury em-

ployed only fifty or sixty hands, Mr. George Cadbury used to read an interesting book to the men during their breakfast hour. This suggested the idea of having the whole of the men and women together at a simple service, which was accordingly inaugurated and held daily for many years. Ultimately the "family" became so large that it was impossible to gather all the members together, and consequently an alteration had to be made. The present practice is to hold three services per week—two for the girls and one for the men. Attendance is voluntary, but members of all denominations are present.

All the services are alike. A hymn is sung, accompanied by the works organ, a short portion of Scripture is read, followed by a few words of explanation; and then an extempore prayer is offered. Great care is taken to avoid controversial matters. A special feature of the gatherings, too, is the singing, all joining heartily in the hymn. It is said in the neighbourhood that a girl who marries is soon known by her neighbours to have worked at Bournville, because she sings while engaged in her household duties the hymns which she learnt at the services.

From the beginning the services have been conducted, as a rule, by Mr. George Cadbury. His brother, the late Mr. Richard Cadbury, used to take his place when he was away from home, as Mr. Barrow Cadbury does now when he is absent. And one of the great facts that such gatherings prove—namely, that it is possible for men and women of all denominations to worship together—may have influenced Mr. George Cadbury to support the National Council of Free Churches, to which he has been from the first the largest subscriber, and which he looks on as a step in the direction of that unity which our Lord prayed for, "that they all may be one." He believes that there will always be a variety of denominations, but that there will be unity in diversity among those who own allegiance to the same Saviour, when Christians all wear the badge by which our Lord tells us they will be known: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

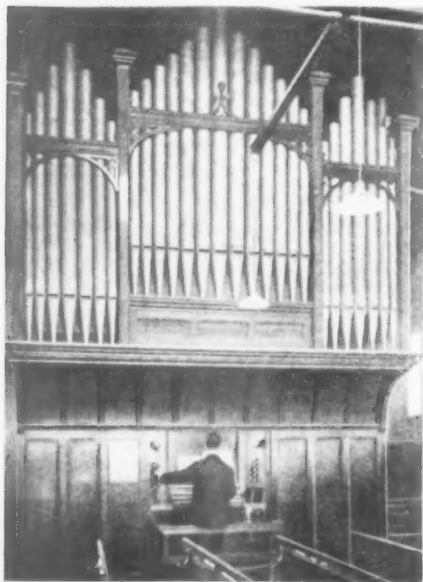


BOURNVILLE GIRLS AT DINNER IN THE ROOM USED FOR MORNING SERVICE.

Two Services Daily

One firm, and probably only one firm, holds two services daily for its workpeople—Messrs. Thomas Adams, of Nottingham, which has made special provision for the spiritual needs of its employes. It has two chapels—one in the works and the other in the warehouse. The works chapel, which is above the gateway, and in front of what for years was reputed to be the largest room in England, is commodious and well lighted, and is served by the local incumbent, who is chaplain to the works. Service is held in it every morning.

The other chapel is believed to be unique, and is certainly one of the most interesting in the country. It is underground, being beneath Messrs. Thomas Adams's warehouse in the heart of the town, and consequently artificial light has to be used in it all the year round; the natural light which filters through the windows, while "religious," is too "dim" to permit of the worshippers seeing and reading in comfort. Another distinction of this remarkable sanctuary is that service has taken place in it every morning for fifty years.



THE ORGAN IN THE BOURNVILLE WORKS.

Viewed from within, it is more like a chapel of ease than a workers' chapel, because, in addition to being appropriately decorated, it contains all the usual church fittings and furniture, including an alms box and a framed notice relating to the services for the week. There is, too, an organ, which was presented by the employes fifty years ago, as well as a stained-glass window, also subscribed for by the workpeople, in memory of the founder of the firm, Mr. Thomas Adams.

Special New Year Services

Service is held at eight o'clock in the summer, and half an hour later in the dark months. It is that of the Church of England, with, on three mornings of the week, a sermon. On New Year's Day a special preacher is obtained; and some of the highest dignitaries of the Church have delivered discourses at the New Year services, and have been surprised and delighted at the comfort of the little chapel and the perfect arrangements.

For twenty years the service was regularly celebrated by a chaplain; but now it is taken by three ministers in monthly turns. The one who is on duty at any given time also visits the sick, besides assisting those who need help from funds supplied him for the purpose. This is an important side of the Christian effort in connection with the warehouse, and is precisely paralleled at the works, except, of course, that the visiting is done by the chaplain.

Employes are expected to be present at the service, and are set a good example by the directors, who themselves attend with punctilious regularity. Many of the workers, however, can hardly be said to need example; for, as a fact, the chapel—which seats about 600—is well filled every morning, and does not present a "beggarly array of empty benches." It is a model in this particular, as in every other that counts.

Railway Services

Besides these and other services for bread-winners—the number is not exhausted by those of which some details are here given—there used to be a remarkable series of dinner-hour meetings

at great railway works, where the human unit is massed till it reaches thousands. Great gatherings took place at Derby, Crewe, Stratford, and other centres, at one of which the most popular feature of the service was—no, not the singing, but the sermon! It was never too long or too argumentative, and well-nigh invariably formed the theme of countless workshop discussions subsequently. But for some reason all, or nearly all, of these meetings, successful though they seemed, have been discontinued.

There are still, however, sufficient services for toilers to show that worship may go with work in the largest and busiest of



THE SUBTERRANEAN CHAPEL BENEATH THE WAREHOUSE OF MESSRS. THOMAS ADAMS, NOTTINGHAM, WHERE SERVICES HAVE BEEN HELD FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

industrial hives. The two, except in the literal sense of the old motto, *Laborare est orare*, are generally considered incompatible; but they can be combined with more spiritual and temporal benefit to employer and employed alike.



CARRY A SUNNY FACE

CARRY a sunny face, dear,
However dark the way;
Carry a sunny face, dear,
However long the day;
For a sunny face will lighten each load,
And will help you over the roughest road.

Carry a thankful heart, dear,
However sad you are;
Carry a thankful heart, dear,
However trials jar;
For a thankful heart is a boon untold,
And will conjure Life's silver into gold.

So, carry a sunny face, dear,
And a thankful heart each day;
Life's burdens then will softer press,
Life's worries slip away;
For a sad heart tires at the first long mile,
But no journey's too long if you only smile.

EVELINE YOUNG.

A Country Corner

By AMY LE FEUVRE

Author of "Probable Sons," "Teddy's Button," Etc.

CHAPTER XXI

"THE PERFECT MOMENT OF HIS LIFE"

"I held her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew;
She bent her head before my kiss,
My heart was sure that hers was true."
LANDOR.

AS Penelope lay on her couch out of doors, she had many friends to see her. Laurence and his wife came very often, and Major Willoughby took to dropping in on his way back from shooting or from his solitary walks. Bruce Talbot often rode over to ask for advice concerning his new house, Sir Anthony had always books or game to bring her, and Miss Titheridge Knight paid a long visit one afternoon.

She told Penelope she had been thinking of her a great deal, and said quite simply: "You and your sister are the only people I want to know here, and I am so very dull at the Hall. I try to cheer mother up. She pretends she likes the state of it, but both she and I hate it all, and we shall be thankful when Edward marries."

One more visitor Penelope had, and that was the little vicar. Rosemary had gone to her wood the afternoon he came, so Penelope had him to herself. She told Rosemary that he sat down and talked to her with the greatest composure.

"He was telling me about the villagers. I loved to hear, and I reminded him that I could still use my hands and brain for them."

"I've been thinking, Pennie, that I shall be able to go amongst them now as you used to do. I should love it, for I shall be able to leave you more now that you are better."

"Yes, I thought you would," said Penelope. "I told him you would be sure to do it. He asked how you had liked your London work. I said it was sufficiently mortifying to the flesh to satisfy you. Wasn't that correct?"

"No; it's clever, but it doesn't exactly express my feelings."

Penelope looked up at Rosemary as she

stood over her with mirthful eyes. "My dear Rosemary, you can't express your feelings yourself or understand them. How do you expect me to? They are far too involved."

"Well, we won't talk about them, then," said Rosemary hastily. "I am so glad Mr. Paul is becoming friendly; but, though he had that one talk with me, he still hurries by if he sees me out."

"I think he never wants to talk to anyone unless they are in need of his help. He came to me because I am on the sick list. If you ever want to see him to advantage, Rosemary, it is by a sick-bed."

"Pennie, don't be angry with me if I ask you a straight question. You seem so contented and patient and angelic altogether, that I wonder if you have found what I have. We can't talk together much on these subjects, but you know what I mean."

Penelope smiled.

"Mr. Paul's sermons don't give you much chance of not finding out the truth. Yes, I see things differently, Rosemary; I have for some time, but I can't talk about them."

Rosemary stooped down and kissed her sister with tears in her eyes.

"I have prayed for you," she whispered.

"Yes, I know you have. I can't help being content with my helplessness, as I know it must be the best thing for me. I don't aspire to do great things, Rosemary. Every day's duties are enough for me, and if it is to lie still and suffer, it is just as much my duty to do so as to hurry-scurry up and down the village trying to help my neighbours to do theirs."

"You are miles and miles above me already. I knew you would be."

But this little talk sent Rosemary on her way with a light heart and grateful spirit, and soon she found her days full enough of work to please her. She was with her sister, dressing her and waiting upon her, till eleven every morning; then she would go off to the village or to some of the scattered cottages in the outlying district, and she was only home in time for their midday meal. In the afternoon she would



"Your atmosphere is the essence of sunshine."

talk and read with her sister; sometimes she would invade Mrs. Wortley's kitchen and make up some tempting little dish for the invalid or for any sick villager. After early tea she would take a walk to her wood, and sometimes do a little gardening there, but she would always be back with her sister before dusk. It was a quiet life, but a happy one, and Penelope's unfailing cheerfulness and good spirits prevented those around her from treating her as an invalid.

"I don't want pity," she said to Major Willoughby one day, "and I am so glad you have not tried to give it to me."

"It would never enter my head to pity you as I see you now," he said. "Your atmosphere is the essence of sunshine. You remind me of a new ship being sent across the Atlantic and encountering a terrific gale. The captain would be so taken up with her steady, satisfactory progress that his soul would be full of admiration for her, and pity would be out of the question."

"Ah, that's nice!" said Penelope, lean-

ing back amongst her cushions and looking up at him with one of her happy smiles. "I shall think of that when my next bout of pain comes on!"

One afternoon Patty Knight came over to see her, and Rosemary slipped away to her wood. There was always plenty of occupation there for her hands, if not her brain. She was tying up some straggling rose branches, when Sir Anthony appeared on the scene.

"I saw you come this way," he said, "so I followed you. I have a little book I promised your sister; will you take it to her?"

"I shall be delighted. You have such nice little books, Sir Anthony. Is this anything like 'Confessions of a Restless Soul,' that you lent me once?"

"It is by the same author," he said with a little hesitation in his tone.

"It is sure to be charming, then. What is it called?"

"From a Quiet Chamber."

"Thank you so much. We will read it

together. I feel what it is going to be like. A medley of delicate humour and observation, with flights of fancy and sound common-sense, and something strong and deep and true and tender running underneath—something that would make the emptiest soul hold out its hands to be made full!"

"Ah!" said Sir Anthony slowly. "I wish I could talk as you do, Miss Rosemary."

Rosemary laughed lightly. "Pennie calls it froth and foam!" Then her tone changed to one of wistfulness. "Sir Anthony, I feel you are such a tower of strength, and you don't laugh at me. Mr. Paul, of course, is very good, but he is frightened of me, as my needs are not urgent. Tell me truly, can I be doing anything more with my life than I am doing now? It seems, in spite of dear Pennie's misfortune, as if I am settling into very easy pastures again. I want to be a worker, not an idler."

"The question is what God wants you to be," said Sir Anthony, looking at her eager face with great gravity. "The question came to me years ago; and I read up all the epistles, and came to the conclusion that the Christian graces were meant for the home circle as well as for the mission field. And do you know what helped me? The little verse of God's requirements in Micah—'He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' It is the last requirement that embraces all. If we walk humbly, looking for direction, not seeking to carve out our own lives, but just to carry out God's will day by day, we shall have no worry, no anxiety, no difficulties of any sort about ourselves and our position. I think very often the most quiet, humdrum lives may be the most fruitful, for they may be lived closest to God Himself."

A wave of colour swept over Rosemary's face, and enthusiasm crept into her eyes.

"I see it! I see it!" she cried. "I see my mistake. You are always so clear, so true, Sir Anthony. Oh, I wish I had you at hand always when I'm going wrong and getting discontented. How you would help me!"

It was an impulsive speech, but Sir Anthony, as he looked at her, had a longing to take her into his strong arms then and there, and tell her that was where he longed to be, at her right hand always, to love and guide and shield her from all that troubled her. He went white to the lips

with the intensity of his emotions, and yet, in his old-fashioned, chivalrous manner, felt he could not take advantage of such an unguarded speech. He must wait—still wait; and yet, he asked himself, had he not waited long enough?

He turned abruptly round.

"I must be going. Will you be here to-morrow?"

"I don't know. Perhaps after tea."

"I—I may turn up again then. I want to speak to you."

Rosemary looked at him in momentary surprise, but he turned his face away from her.

"You make me curious," she said lightly; "but I shall regard it as an appointment. Thank you ever so much for your help this afternoon."

All that evening Penelope rallied her on her silence and abstraction of mind. She said little in excuse of herself, except that Sir Anthony had given her something to think about. She gave the little book to Penelope, who lay reading it till quite a late hour. When Rosemary urged her to come to bed, she put the book down with a little sigh.

"It is delicious writing," she said. "It's very good, without being goody-goody, but it seems to bring out all the best of you, and make you realise what your possibilities are. It's supposed to be an invalid writing it, but a most healthy-minded one. And that is what I want to be—not a sickly, sentimental soul, morbid and introspective, but just an ordinary, cheerful, matter-of-fact body."

"And that is what you are," endorsed Rosemary heartily.

"This book makes you almost in love with an invalid's life," Penelope went on. "The author seems to know the feelings so well that come over one after a bad night, or when a fit of the blues descends on one. It has done me a lot of good reading it."

"Well," Rosemary said, "I think and hope I'm going to be a reformed character, Pennie. I'm going to be absolutely content at last."

Penelope gave a wise little smile, but said nothing. All the next day Rosemary went about her duties with a deep restful peace in her heart.

"Walk humbly with thy God," she kept repeating to herself; and the beauty of such communion in the midst of her daily routine began dimly to dawn upon her.

After she had given her sister her tea, she walked down to her wood. The sun was setting; it was the time she loved best in the day, when Nature itself seemed taking a rest. As she walked up her green path, now gay with high borders of hollyhocks and dahlias on either side of it, and turned round to a piece of open ground laid out with turf and flowers, she acknowledged to herself that her work here, at all events, had had abundant results. She sat down on a rustic seat under a shady oak, and watched the golden light quiver and flicker under the high bracken and foxgloves that almost filled a little dell in front of her; and then she started at the approaching footsteps, and her colour came and went expectantly.

"I do wonder what he wants to speak to me about," she said, trying to crush down the instincts of her heart.

When he gave her his hand she felt awed by the set, grave lines about his face. But he sat down beside her, and talked about the wood, and her flowers, until she felt quite at ease. Then suddenly he took her hand in his.

"Miss Rosemary, do I seem an old man to you? Do you think of me only as a kind old fatherly friend, to whom you can unburden yourself at times without any fear of being misunderstood? Or could you think of me in another light? Could you be willing to let me be something nearer and dearer to you? For that is what I am venturing to hope you will do."

Rosemary did not draw her hand away; she only drew a long, long breath, and then very shyly she raised her eyes to the one who was regarding her with such tenderness.

"Oh, I am not fit," she murmured; and then she felt herself drawn into his arms, and like a tired child she laid her head on his broad shoulder, and not even the tree-tops above them heard the next whispered words.

In the hush of that still summer evening a woman's highest earthly happiness came to Rosemary, and to Sir Anthony it was the perfect moment of his life.

Penelope was lying on her couch by the window of their downstairs sitting-room when Rosemary returned. It was quite dusk, but when with swift footsteps Rosemary came up to her sister and knelt by her side, looking into her face speechlessly, Penelope knew and understood what had

happened. In motherly fashion she stroked her head.

"I knew it would come," she said. "I saw it long ago. He had no eyes and ears for anyone but you, and he is just suited to you, Rosemary."

"Ah, Pennie! But am I suited to him?" Rosemary's eyes were full of tears, and her voice trembled. "He is so noble, so good, himself. Shall I disappoint him, and bring shadows into his life? I feel now as if nothing in the world will ever trouble me again if I have him to lean upon; but does he not deserve a wife with more grit and stamina than I have—someone who would help him and not always be in need of help herself? May I talk to you about it? It is so wonderful. Yesterday we talked together as friends, but as to coming near to him, touching him—having my whole future bound up with him—why, I never dreamt what to-day would bring me! I am shy of him, Pennie, but it's such a delicious feeling that I'm going to belong to him. And love him I do, with all my heart and soul! It's been a kind of suppression all this time to keep myself from thinking of him, and yet I couldn't help it. Isn't it strange that yesterday this confession would have been dreadful! To-day it is all right. I need no longer be ashamed that I love him, but proud and glad. Oh, Pennie, I'm almost too happy to live. He is coming to see you to-morrow, and he is seeing Laurence to-night. And now I shall count every moment till I see him again."

To this confused rhapsody Penelope listened with sympathetic interest. But Rosemary did not know that when safely in bed that night, away from the scrutiny of anyone, Penelope's pillow was wet with tears.

The next morning Sir Anthony arrived, and to Penelope's keen eyes he looked years younger.

"I feel," he said to her, "that you may consider I am stealing your sister from you, but I want you to think that you are gaining a brother."

"I do," responded Penelope heartily; "and I couldn't wish for a better one. You don't know how dear Rosemary is to me. We have always been together, and I understand her through and through. I have always felt that you understand her, too."

He gave a full, comprehensive smile.

"Yes, she is a delicate bit of mechanism, and needs the right touch to deepen her

sweetness. I am not a very young man, but she has crept into my heart to stay there, and every mood of hers is an exquisite one to me. God grant that I may never fail or disappoint her!"

"Don't expect perfection from her," said Penelope sagely. "Some of her moods are trying, but she is very easily influenced, and very penitent when she is convinced she is wrong. And if you can only make her content with the little things of life, instead of always reaching out after the unattainable, I think you will have a dear little wife!"

She laughed as she finished her sentence, though her eyes were misty.

"It is her enthusiasm and ideals that are so fascinating——"

He could say no more, for Rosemary joined them. He put his hand caressingly on her shoulder.

"We have been discussing you," he said; "and I feel I am a very lucky man to have won you!"

Rosemary's eyes, as she looked up in his face, were deep with feeling. Then she said, with a rising blush and a little quiver about her lips:

"I hope I shall never do anything to make you think otherwise, but my comfort is that you are a well of patience."

"How do you know that?" he asked, smiling.

"I have proved it," she replied.

CHAPTER XXII

"IT IS ALL A DREADFUL MISTAKE"

"So I tell you plainly,

It must be:

I shall try, not vainly,

To be free."—A. A. PROCTER.

"WELL, Rosemary dear, my hearty congratulations! It has taken us much by surprise. Laurence always considered Sir Anthony a confirmed bachelor. Now, if I had been asked which of you two girls would have gone off first, I should have said Penelope—that is, before her accident; of course, now all that is taken from her. You are always so much in the clouds—it's an extraordinary thing what a mania men have for impractical wives! I don't mean to disparage you, dear. I think marriage will do you a world of good. It will take you out of yourself, and Sir Anthony is such a very reliable, steady man that he will bring the common-

sense that is necessary to bear upon and balance your romantic notions!"

It was Mrs. Mowbray who was speaking. Her husband was out, but returning shortly, and Rosemary felt she must stay to see him. But every word her sister-in-law uttered grated upon her, and she responded very shortly to her flow of talk.

"I suppose it will be a good match for you, but he is not very well off, is he? I hope you know his past, Rosemary; a woman can't be too careful, and it seems a strange thing for a well-born man—a baronet, is he not?—to settle down here in a small house by himself, and be bereft of all friends or relations. Oh, yes, I remember, you told me he had an old aunt. Well, that will be someone whom we can approach on the subject."

"You are very worldly wise, May," said Rosemary, trying to laugh.

"I, my dear? I'm the last person to accuse of worldly wisdom. If you really love him, and he you, I have not a word to say, but sometimes girls who are living alone rush into marriage for the sake of a home, and I want to save you from that. In these days we women ought to be above that, with our many resources and capabilities of earning an income. If you love, Rosemary, I am romantic enough to believe that nothing else matters at all. What a wonderful theme it is! Do you know those beautiful lines of Mrs. Browning's? Let me say them to you. I said them to Laurence upon our wedding eve."

Mrs. Mowbray leant back in her chair and "adopted a pose"—so Rosemary told her sister afterwards.

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with a love I seem to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smile, tears of my life!—and if God choose
I shall love thee better after death."

Rosemary was silent for a little, when her sister-in-law paused for breath; then she said:

"I know those lines well. They're very fine. I read a lot of Mrs. Browning to Pennie."

"Ah, poor Pennie!" Mrs. Mowbray's mind was off on another tack at once.



"Then she felt herself drawn into his arms, and not even the tree-tops above them heard the next whispered words"—p. 917.

"How true it is that one person's joy brings another sorrow! How she will miss you! It will be such a lonely life for her. It is the most mysterious visitation of Providence to lay her low like this. What does she say to your forsaking her?"

"I am not going to forsake her. Of course, we haven't talked it out yet. You are premature in mentioning it. My—my marriage is a very far-off event at present. I suppose, when I do marry, she will come and live with us."

"My dear Rosemary, it would be impossible. There is nothing more fatal to married life than to bring a sister into the home, to make a third at the first start. I have seen in my life disaster follow in every case that I have known. The husband hates it; he likes his wife to himself. 'Two's company, three's none.' Mischief and dissension surely follow. Don't you ever think of doing such a thing as that, I implore you! And I feel sure that Penelope will be too sensible to agree to such a proposition. No, of course, she will delight in your happiness, apart from her own. And I expect she will soon get accustomed to her life—one does get accustomed to everything. You will have to find some nice nurse-companion for her. She will need someone in that farmhouse, as she is so helpless."

Rosemary looked at her sister-in-law in a vague, alarmed fashion.

"I should never separate from Pennie," she said slowly.

"My dear child, you cannot have much love for your husband if you are not going to let him come first! Don't you see how unfair it would be to him? And the more unselfish a man is with whom you have to deal, the less you ought to take advantage of him. As you say, it is not a point you have to settle at present, so don't worry. Sisters naturally become separated when they marry. It is only your sister's crippled state that makes me pity her."

Rosemary got up from her seat.

"I can't wait for Laurence. Tell him to come to us this evening. Good-bye, May."

She was out of the room and down the stairs like a flash of lightning; and she walked back to the Manor Farm as if she were walking for a wager.

Penelope was lying out of doors, and rallied her upon her breathless state.

Rosemary cast herself down on the grass by her side.

"Oh, Pennie, I love you! I love you!" she cried; and, putting her arms around her, she laid her head close to hers, and burst into tears.

"Why, what in the world is the matter?" asked the surprised Penelope.

But Rosemary would not say, and she suddenly got up and went into the house without another word.

Penelope lay still with a furrowed brow. It was upon these occasions that she felt her helplessness so keenly. Formerly she would have gone after her sister, and never left her till she was comforted; now she had to lie still and wait till she came back to her, and it was an hour later when Rosemary returned.

Penelope looked at her keenly. Her face was white and strained, but her eyes were shining with a strange, far-away expression in them, and her smile was a forced one.

She helped her sister into the house, for the dew was already falling, and they had tea together in their cosy sitting-room. Rosemary talked fast and nervously on every conceivable subject, but though she alluded to the conversation with her sister-in-law she did not give the substance of it, and Penelope, knowing her moods, bided her time patiently.

Later on Laurence came in, and with outstretched hands he said to Rosemary:

"I offer you my best wishes. You couldn't find a more sterling good fellow in every way than Tony. I can't imagine how you can have bewitched him. He always seemed impervious to women before. I'm afraid I have set the example, and now everyone is following it. First Bruce, and now Tony. Upon my word, Rosemary, I don't think you're half good enough for him! I hope you'll make him as happy as he deserves to be. I'm afraid our bachelor club is breaking up fast."

"I believe that was your first thought when you heard the news," said Penelope, laughing. "Now I was quite overcome with joy."

"Oh, you women! You think marriage is the consummation of bliss!"

"Isn't it? Haven't you found it so?"

Laurence shook his head with twinkling eyes.

"Not when I stay out late at night," he said. Then he looked at Penelope rather compassionately. "What will you do when she goes away and leaves you?" he asked.

"I shall manage very well indeed," was

the bright reply. "Rosemary will be near enough to come over with her housekeeping difficulties for me to unravel. It will give me a never-ending interest."

Rosemary sat silent, looking out of the window, which was still open, though their lamp was lighted. Her brother rallied her on her gravity.

"I expected to be treated to a fit of heroics," he said. "I thought all girls, when they became engaged, felt as if they were in Paradise. Isn't he quite to your liking, young woman?"

Rosemary flashed a look at him. "He is perfect—much too good for me. I think any woman would be honoured to become his wife."

"Come, that's better!"

He stayed chatting to them some time longer, and when he went the sisters were very silent. Penelope went to bed early. They had adjoining rooms, and Rosemary generally left the door ajar. As she wished her sister good-night she said:

"You won't mind if I shut my door this evening? I—I feel as if I want to be alone. Call me if you want me—I shall hear you."

"Rosemary, what is the matter? You are not happy."

"Yes—I am. I can't tell you just yet, Pennie dear. Good-night."

She went into her room, and got down on her knees by her bed, and, burying her face in her hands, spent an agonising hour there. Then she rose, and wrote a letter, which letter was given to the milkman early the next morning, and delivered at Sir Anthony's house an hour later. And this is the letter that greeted Sir Anthony when he came down to breakfast:

"DEAR SIR ANTHONY,

"I don't know what you will think of me. I hardly know how to write, and yet I have a feeling that you will understand me, for you have never failed to do so before. It is all a dreadful mistake; I never ought to have said 'Yes.' I never ought to have engaged myself to you. And I write beseeching you to forgive me, and wipe away the last two days from your life altogether. Will you let us be friends still, as we were before, but *nothing more*? This is not hastily written. I am quite certain, quite sure of my own mind. I only grieve that I should have been so carried

away by my feelings as to behave as I did. But feelings are deceitful and uncertain, and must not rule our lives. I shall *never* marry. I thank you with all my heart for the honour you have done me. I hope you will meet some other person one day who will be more worthy of that honour than I am. Please do not think that I could ever alter my mind. I am thankful I have had the courage to write this before matters have gone further. I am conscious that I have behaved very badly, and that you have a right to be very angry and indignant. But I know you will release me from my promises when I tell you that I am convinced I am acting *rightly* in telling you at once of my change of mind. Think what you will of me, nothing will make me *willing* to go on with our engagement. I know you well enough to realise that you would not wish to coerce an unwilling spirit. And oh, dear Sir Anthony, forgive me, forgive me! It is the cry of my heart, for I fear this letter will hurt you as much as it has hurt me to write it. Do not try to see me. Just send me one line to relieve me of what now is a heavy burden, and do not ask me for reasons. I would rather not see you till we have made up our minds to meet one another on our old footing—that of friends.—Yours in great distress, but absolutely determined,

"ROSEMARY."

Sir Anthony read this through without a muscle in his face moving; then he walked to the window, and stood looking out upon the moor.

The suddenness of the blow would have bowled over a weaker man. Not so him. His lips set themselves firmly as he turned back to the table and took up her letter again. Once more he read it through, and now his eyes softened and his lips relaxed.

"Poor little girl!" he murmured. "My first instincts were right. She will not be easy to win!"

He paced the room; then seemed to brace himself for the occasion.

"But I have won her!" he said to himself, bringing down his hand upon the table with such force that it set all the breakfast service clattering. "And having won her, I mean to keep her."

He studied the letter again, and then,

leaving his breakfast untouched, called his dogs and went out for a walk across the moor, there to puzzle it out.

When he returned to the house two hours later he had decided as to what course to pursue, but his face looked older and more worn, and his step was lagging and slow.

Rosemary meanwhile had lain awake all night with wide-open eyes, and when she went into Penelope's room she exclaimed at the sight of her:

"What is the matter, darling? What have you been doing?"

"Only making up my mind," said Rosemary with a smile. "You mustn't be angry with me. I have made a great mistake, that is all, and I have been trying to rectify it."

"Tell me."

"I am not engaged to Sir Anthony. I have written to break it off."

"I am not surprised," said Penelope, trying to speak calmly. "I knew you were heading up for some such conclusion." Then her eyes flashed quite angrily. "Rosemary, you want a good shaking. You have no right to treat a good man so! Your many moods are a perfect curse to you! Have you no idea of honour? Can you play fast and loose with a man like this? Have you any reason at all for what you are doing? Or do you think the grand opportunity for renunciation has come to you at last? And because you have won a good man's heart, and let him know that he has won yours, you think you can fling his away from you like a worn-out shoe!"

Rosemary drew in her breath at these stinging words. Never had Penelope spoken to her so severely, and her words cut her like a knife.

"I think," she said with quiet dignity, "that we will not say any more about it now. Let me help you to dress, dear."

In absolute silence she waited on her sister as usual, in the same silence they ate their breakfast together. It was a gusty, stormy morning. Rosemary established her sister on the couch, and then stooped and kissed her.

"You have made me very miserable, but you cannot see into my heart, so, of course, you misunderstand me," she said.

Penelope put her arms round her neck, and pressed her cheek against hers.

"Oh, Rosemary, my darling, love will only come once to you! Don't miss it!

You are your own worst enemy. I believe in God's sight Sir Anthony and you are meant to be husband and wife."

"No," said Rosemary, releasing herself gently from her sister's clinging arms. "I have not acted hastily. I have been over twelve hours in thinking it out. So please, dear Penie, leave me alone. After all, I am my own mistress, and no one has a right to force me to marry a man against my will."

With that she went out of the room, closing the door gently but firmly behind her, and Penelope indulged in a fit of tears—a very rare proceeding for her.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN THE BARN

"I am bound by the old promise—

What can break that golden chain?

Not even the words that you have spoken,

Or the sharpness of my pain;

Do you think, because you fail me,

And draw back your hand to-day,

That from out the heart I gave you

My strong love can fade away?"

A. A. PROCTER.

ALL that day Rosemary wandered about the house and grounds like a white ghost. Though she would not acknowledge it to herself, she was in reality waiting and watching for a reply to her letter.

"It was conclusive, quite conclusive," she said to herself. "There is no need for any reply. I would rather he sent none at all."

But her heart beat with painful anticipation. The day wore away, the longest day that Rosemary had ever known, and the dreariest, outside the house and in.

About four o'clock she put on her waterproof coat, and trudged down the dripping avenue. The leaves of the chestnuts were falling fast, and lay sodden and wet underfoot. The sighing of the wind through the pine wood on her left seemed to her like the cries of departed spirits. She shivered, and turned back to the house; but she felt she could not face her sister, and so she turned into an old barn on the outskirts of the farm. Here she found herself a seat on some sweet-smelling hay, and, chin in hands, looked out at the ceaseless beat of the rain over the meadows.

"I ought to be uplifted," she assured herself. "Sacrifices of any kind have always

had such an attraction for me, but I'm afraid it is only sacrifice in theory, never in practice, and I am absolutely and abjectly miserable."

She may have sat there for about half an hour. She heard the cow-boy calling the cows in to be milked, and was trying to rouse herself to go in and give Penelope her tea, when a shadow darkened the doorway.

She started to her feet. Sir Anthony, in his mackintosh, stood before her.

She caught her breath, and stood looking at him with terrified eyes.

He put out his hands, and imprisoned both hers in his.

"I won't be released," he said; and then he bent down and kissed her, and the swift blood rushed to Rosemary's white cheeks. She felt paralysed in his strong yet tender clasp.

"Do you think that I did not mean what I wrote?" she faltered; and then with a little effort she slipped her hands out of his, and moved back a pace or two from him, drawing her head up like a young queen.

"I have come for an explanation," he said coolly after a moment, never taking his eye off her.

"I can't give you one."

"But it is my right!"

If Rosemary spoke decidedly, his voice had a masterful ring in it.

She looked at him doubtfully. "I don't know that it is. Don't press me, Sir Anthony; I am right—I know I am right—in my decision. Please, please go away, and let my letter be final!"

"Never, darling! That would be an impossibility. Don't shrink from me. I will not touch you again till you give me leave, but nothing will induce me to cancel our engagement. You tell me I understand you. I do, indeed, and I know you well enough to hold you to your word. You are absolutely truthful, Rosemary. You told me yesterday you loved me. That love has not gone—it is still there, and I am not going to let you wreck our happiness. It shall not be done. Now let me have the explanation of it, and we will see together if we cannot prevent a needless trouble for both of us."

"Oh," cried Rosemary, interlacing her fingers together and looking up at him in an agony of perplexity, "why didn't you write? Why did you come? It makes it so much

more difficult. I don't want to give you an explanation."

"I am afraid I must demand it."

He never wavered in his firm determination, and Rosemary felt she had a strong and masterful man with whom to deal.

"Come," he said, after a few minutes' silence; "you cannot be so unjust as to withhold the explanation from me."

"I have not told anyone."

"I dare say not; but you can tell me things that you tell no one else."

Then in desperation Rosemary said: "I cannot leave Pennie!"

A smile of relief crossed Sir Anthony's face. She saw it and was vexed.

"Stop! You must hear me. You know how I was led up to London and given work to do there? It was what I had been wanting for months. I was in the thick of it. They were short-handed, and when I left could not supply my place. It had wound itself round my heart-strings, but I gave it all up at a moment's notice because of Pennie. I had put my hand to the plough, but I did not keep it there; and I know I was right in what I did. Pennie and I belong to one another; she has been a perfect saint since her accident, and she cannot do without me. It is my work to look after her and wait upon her. Then, the other day when you spoke to me, I was so full of my own life and happiness that I never gave Pennie a thought. I have told you that I am the selfish one, and this proves it. Pennie was a great contrast to me; she was so full of my happiness that she never thought of herself, or if she did she kept it well concealed from me. I gave up work for God directly it came between me and my sister. Do you think I am to leave her because of my own happiness? Don't you see that, if I have to sacrifice *work* for her, I most certainly ought to sacrifice my *pleasure*?"

"I see your argument," said Sir Anthony, with a grave smile; "but your engagement to me will not take you away from your sister; neither need your marriage."

"Oh, yes," cried Rosemary; "can't you see that I would never consent, nor would Pennie, to her making her home with us? May showed me that clearly——"

"Ah!" said Sir Anthony, with a long-drawn breath, "then I have Mrs. Mowbray to thank for this?"

"No, no. I have reasoned it out. She only opened my eyes to it."

"And your sister has not been told that she is the cause of this decision of yours?"

"How could I do such a cruel thing? She must never, never know."

"But I think she must. I think it is her due. Imagine, if she discovered it by accident, what her feelings would be! My darling Rosemary, you are taking a distorted view of the whole thing. I am thankful to have had this talk with you, for there is no sensible reason why our engagement should not continue. You have had a passion for self-sacrifice for some time past, but if I were to let you have your way now you would sacrifice me as well as yourself (you see I am very selfish), and you would put your sister in a thoroughly false and wrong position. I won't argue now whether Penelope will make a home with us after our marriage or not. Personally, there is no conceivable reason why she should not do so, or if she wished to be independent she could have a little cottage built in our grounds. But all this can be decided later. At present your duty is to nurse your sister and wait upon her, and give me the odd minutes you can spare me. I have brought your letter with me. I want you to tear it up before me, of your own free will. Will you do so, and let this matter rest once and for all?"

Astonishment, perplexity, and dismay in turns impressed themselves upon Rosemary's face. This high-handed way of taking her letter gave her a baffled, breathless feeling. Sir Anthony seemed to sweep away her conclusive arguments as if they were so many cobwebs. And with him standing before her, grave, tender, but masterful, she felt like wax in his hands.

She looked up at him appealingly.

"Oh, you make it so difficult! I felt I was so right, so wise in my decision, and you have made it appear quite the contrary."

He did not answer, only put her own letter in her hands. Rosemary looked at it, then with a sudden flash in her eye she tore it into shreds and sprang into his arms.

"I leave it to you," she cried. "You will have to manage it for me, but I shall never part from Pennie, and if you burden yourself with her it will not be my fault. Oh, I can hardly believe that I am going to be happy again!"

* * * * *

Penelope was lying on her couch waiting for Rosemary and tea. She felt very dole-

ful, wondering where her sister was, and whether she might even now be repenting of her foolish step. When the door opened, and Sir Anthony appeared, she looked alarmed. Had he come to demand an explanation of her, and, if so, what could she say? Her anxious look evoked a pleasant smile from him.

"I am going to stay to tea," he said. "Rosemary is changing her wet garments. We have come in together."

"Then it is all right again?" asked Penelope, anxiously.

"Yes, I hope so. I told her I should tell you. She had got it into her head that marrying me would mean separation from you. Your good sister-in-law had said so. So I've settled that once for all—with your leave. And I only tell you this in case she may get a conscientiously morbid fit again. It is better for you to know it."

"To think that I was the cause!" said Penelope, with round eyes. "My poor Rosemary! How I did scold her!"

She gave a little sigh, then turned quickly to Sir Anthony.

"I am very proud and independent," she said, trying to make a joke of it, "though you wouldn't think I could be in my circumstances! But you need not think I shall ever come between husband and wife! I have many plans in my head, and very bright ones they are! I'll let you know later on about them."

"I am going to be your brother," returned Sir Anthony; "and I have plans, too. I find from Rosemary that you were the only one who was apprised of her sudden change of mind, so we will treat it as if it were a dream, and never mention it again."

Rosemary came into the room at this juncture, looking flushed and a little ashamed of herself.

Penelope shook her head at her.

"We won't say a word about it, Rosemary. I am longing for my tea."

And a very bright, cosy, little meal they had together. Just before Sir Anthony went home, Rosemary slipped out into the big hall with him.

"Have you quite forgiven me?" she asked. "I have had such a miserable day."

"And so have I," he said, the twinkle coming into his eyes; "but we must have nothing of the sort again, darling; it is too wearing for both of us."

"I feel," she said, holding him by his coat lapel, and looking up at him half shyly,

half mischievously, "as if I shall never be able to have a difference of opinion with you. Are you going to dominate me entirely?"

"I hope not; but I hope to save you from making a false sacrifice of yourself and others." Then, stooping till his lips touched her soft cheek, he said, "I believe that the One Who has our lives in His hand has brought us together, childie, and only death will separate us."

And from the depths of her heart Rosemary said "Amen!"

* * *

Rosemary's engagement to Sir Anthony brought her many congratulations. Perhaps the most amusing one was that of Moses Vance.

"Ay, me dear life!" he ejaculated, when he greeted her one morning before beginning his work in the wood, "'twas all along on I that you'm sweetheartin' wi' Sir Anthony! I rek'lecs a-sending 'un tu wipe 'ee tears marnin' back along! There be nothin' like a man a-comfortin' a maid. Sez I that marnin', 'Moses,' sez I, 'you'm praper deep and crafty tu bring they two to close quarters. But, dear sawl! What a time he have taken to bring his words out! An' when you up an' took 'eeself to Lunnon, zim tu I he were a gurt big

voov to let 'ee go. He ought tu spoken up wance! Well, 'tis auver now, an' for zure 'ee will have gude wishes from I!"

Philippa wrote a very loving letter:

"I have always admired Sir Anthony, though I was always a little bit afraid of him. I think I realised that he did not admire me! But, dear Rosemary, you deserve him if anyone does, and I think you



"'There be nothin' like a man a-comfortin' a maid.'"

will make him the sweetest little wife imaginable. You are meant for a wife, dear; you could never have stood that London life for long; your glamour and enthusiasm would have been quenched under the pitiless sordidness of your surroundings, and I believe, if you once lost your unattainable ideals, you would collapse and shrivel up like a hot-house flower in the open. And Sir Anthony will never disappoint you, Rosemary. You are a fortunate girl!"

Bruce Talbot was delighted, and showed his approval of the match in the most hearty fashion.

Major Willoughby seemed as pleased, only in a quieter way. He very often came over to see Penelope, and kept her well supplied with library books and magazines. Sometimes, too, he would stay and read to her.

One afternoon, when Rosemary had gone for a drive with Sir Anthony, he found her a little bit low. He sat down and talked on in his cheery way, till he had won back her smiles and good spirits.

"You and I are in the same boat," he said. "We're delighted at this match, but we're left a little more alone than formerly."

Penelope gave a quick nod.

"We won't be hypocrites," she said, "and, of course, Tony was your greatest friend, was he not? We can't help missing them a bit."

"Tony!" exclaimed Major Willoughby. "I can't tell you what he has been to me! I should have gone under long ago if it hadn't been for him! You see, your brother was more preoccupied than we were. His art kept him absorbed indoors. Tony and I have always enjoyed our bit of sport together. We have tramped over the moor, winter and summer alike. I never came in from a tramp with him without feeling both mentally and physically braced."

"I should have thought you were never in need of that," said Penelope, sending her memory back to the times when she and Rosemary had so marvelled at his cheerful, almost dogged serenity.

"Ah, well!" he said with a smile, "each heart knows its own failures."

A little silence fell on them, then Penelope said:

"You will not lose him as a friend; he will soon return to his walks; it is only just now he is more absorbed, of course. Rose-

mary will not be an exacting wife; she cannot live without a lot of quiet time to herself, and likes to get away from those she loves best sometimes."

"Oh, well, I should be a fool if I expected much of a married man's time, and Tony has a good many resources in himself."

"So have you! You love sport, and gardening, and books!" rejoined Penelope cheerfully.

Major Willoughby drew his breath.

"Yes, I have all those, but"—he stopped, then jerked the words out with mournful emphasis—"I'm desperately lonely now, Miss Penelope!"

Penelope did not show her surprise at this unexpected confidence. She feared to startle it away. She only looked at him with sympathetic eyes.

"I know"—he pulled his collar up, as if to recover his slip, then blurted out—"Oh, of course, I'm a fool to talk like this! But I know you'll keep it to yourself. Sometimes I feel I'd like to chuck up the house and go! All these years I've lived for one object: to make—you know—her poor life as comfortable and cheery as it could be; and now she's gone I feel like a lost dog. I catch myself grinning as I go indoors, and thinking what a capital story I've heard to tell—and then I see the reproving stare of old Anderson, and I sit down to my gloomy dinner and tell myself that I am going mad! I sit all the evening sometimes, just living in the past, and wishing I could have it back again to show more love and forbearance; and then the next day I make a fresh start, and poke about out of doors, and don't give myself time to think; but it always comes on again in the evening. I can't shake down to a bachelor's life. You see, I have known the other!"

He stopped abruptly. Penelope had turned her face away that he might not see her misty eyes. When she spoke, she was her cheery, practical self.

"It must be dreadful for you, but I believe you're made to weather storms, Major Willoughby, and show us poor mortals what can be done by cheerful courage. Rosemary and I always have considered you a perfect marvel for pluck and endurance! If I were you, I would cram my days as full as I could with outside interests, and then get someone to come and stay with me. Why don't you ask Bruce Talbot? Between

you and me, he's scraping and saving all he can for this new house, and it would be a real help if he could give up his lodgings and be a little nearer the house. Ask him to take pity on you. He will come like a shot! He would be out all day, and you'd have him in the evening to talk to. Mr. Talbot is very good company!"

"So he is! Capital idea! What a head you have, Miss Penelope! I can't tell you how I enjoy coming over to you; and, talk of pluck, who shows more of it than you? I'm ashamed of myself to have been grumbling away like any old woman; but you've given me the tip, and I'm ever so obliged. I feel a new man already. I'll drop Bruce a line to-night."

He was his cheery self again. But when he had left her Penelope began to soliloquise:

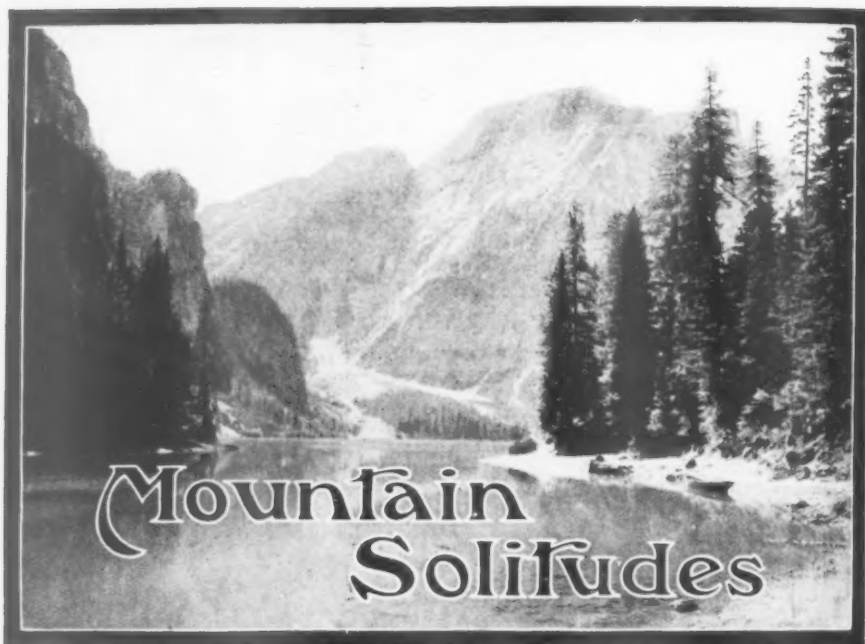
"He's a saint, if there's ever one now! When I think what his home-comings must have been in the old days, I'm lost in wonder! Did he like being scolded, and

bullied, and worried? And yet, I suppose, he must have been fond of her. And a woman's presence about a house does make a difference. 'Desperately lonely!' Poor man! If he only knew how 'desperately lonely' I feel, too! I shall wish him"—her heart faltered, then she went on firmly—"a second wife, a happy light-hearted girl, with a strong active body, one who will make up to overflowing for all that he has suffered in the past; one who will be able to ride, and walk, and chum with him all day long, and in the evening lay aside all her energy, and be sweet, and sympathetic, and cultured, and through the long winter evenings soothe and deaden all his past memories by her fascinating companionship. Oh, Ted, dear Ted, that is the kind of wife for you, and no other!"

Here, startled at her audacity in breathing his Christian name, Penelope flushed scarlet and buried her face in her sofa cushions, where she remained motionless for a long time.

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.]





By HERBERT D. WILLIAMS

SOLITUDES? Surely not. This is the holiday time, and millions of people have just returned from their annual holidays. They have swarmed to the sea-coast, invaded quiet villages, photographed waterfall and river, and surely the mountain has not been exempt from the tourist? We have heard of climbing fatalities, and we know, too, that it is not even necessary to climb, for the railway takes us to the top of Snowdon and many another peak, and at the summit the enterprising hotel proprietor is there to give us refreshment and even lodgment for the night. Surely the mountains are no longer solitary?

Yet it remains the fact that the mountain heights in all their grandeur are solitudes, and will always be so. Man is a creature of the valleys; he will admire the mountains, climb them as a pastime, but not live on them—unless he happens to be a goatkeeper or an observatory attendant. No; man, as a whole, is well content with the plains, where he

can transact his business and enjoy society. When holiday time comes he will energetically fulfil a certain itinerary, or else sit idly at the water's edge throwing stones into the sea. Even the creature comforts and fare of the boarding house or hotel will sometimes play a large part in the success of his vacation!

Still, is there not something about the mountain that appeals to the highest and best that is within us? Deep within us, behind the superficialities of our outward life, there is an instinct which aspires, and which has its affinity with the heights. The very holiday is a protest against the petty trivialities of life. We must get away from the paltry commonplaces of the daily round—the same old house with its humdrum duties, the same old street with houses each to each alike, the same old journey to office or shop, the same small circle of acquaintances, with the same small talk of business or hobbies; we know them through and through, just what they will say and do,



(Photos supplied by the Austrian State Rail ways.)

AN AUSTRIAN MOUNTAIN SOLITUDE: THREE MOUNTAINS NEAR TRAFOL.

their commonplaces, faults and failings. How sick and tired we do get of it all at times! And then it is that the mountain appeals to us—with all its solemn grandeur, its ignoring of the littlenesses of life—its solitude. We leave behind us the din of the multitude, the hurry, worry, and bustle of life, with its nerve-shattering noises, with its fierce competition, its jealousies and strifes, and with the Psalmist we say, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

What is it that makes the mountain solitude attractive to us? Is it merely its utter contrast from our everyday surroundings, its peace and quiet after the strife of the days, the healthy wind from its heights? This is not all, though it is difficult to analyse precisely what is the fascination of the hills.

Let us say, in the first place, that there is with all of us the need of a larger, more spacious atmosphere than our daily routinized life affords. We have spoken of the humdrum commonplaces of life; there is the divine something within us that pleads for an opening wide as the heaven itself. The oculist will tell you that the eyes wear themselves out gazing on the same small objects near at hand; the cure for the tired eyes is to take the distant view, to look up to the mountains. All our faculties require similarly to be taken off the earth and to come into contact with the eternal heights.

Mountain solitude means, too, the repose of self-forgetfulness. Nothing is more pathetic than our own self-centred existence; what I am, what I do, what I may become, tends to absorb my thoughts. Gazing at the glorious heights, we may forget all about this little self, immeasurably small in comparison with the great towering peaks that touch the clouds. When we get the vision of the heights, we can enjoy the utter delight of losing consciousness of the ego.

Then, again, when we have climbed the mountain height we get something we can never attain to in the valley—we get a new perspective of life. That little dwelling which blocked out our light when we were close to it now sinks into utter insignificance—it finds its right perspective, and vanishes. We are now able to see the geography of the land—that great ugly mass of rock, so annoying when viewed from close at hand, now fits itself perfectly into the landscape. There is a design, a purpose in each hill and dale, which is



(Photo: D. McLeish, Cantonbury, N.)

THE PATH UP THE RIFFELBERG, SHOWING THE MIGHTY MATTERHORN,
FIVE MILES DISTANT.



(Photo supplied by the Swiss Federal Railways.)

THE WETTERHORN.

only revealed when viewed from above. As with sight, so with sound; have you ever noticed how the air of the mountain heights softens and sweetens the rudest noises of civilisation? The bark of a dog, the shrill whistle of a locomotive, the cheap song and shout of the tripper, are subdued, harmonised, even turned into sweet music, up in the heights. The mountain gives the perspective to life.

We have spoken of the inspiration and grandeur of the mountains; if these things are real, should we not be able to trace their influence on human lives? What of the men of the mountains? I think that we shall find that the people who make the mountains their home are not as other men. I remember in Norway being deeply impressed with the look of awe and solemnity on the faces of the men and women who lived all their lives within sight of those great towering peaks. The men of the mountains are slow to speak, and it is hard to make them smile. Of course, it is possible for men to live and die amidst the most glorious scenery without its leaving any trace

on their lives. Familiarity may breed contempt. Others, again, will not be able to endure the solitude of the mountain. It will drive them to madness. But the man who can endure Nature's solitude will be made by it.

What a part the mountain and the desert have played in the history of the world's greatest men! Moses, the man of God, minded sheep at Horeb. Among the mountain passes he acquired patience to endure, the power to follow, to live alone; on the summit of the holy mountain he obtained the vision that gave him wisdom to legislate and command. The prophets, from Elijah to John the Baptist, were often cradled in the desert and the mountain, and from the solitudes of Nature went forth with their messages of power.

He Who was greater than all the prophets knew well the discipline and inspiration of the hill-top. When all the village was hushed in sleep, "in the morning a great while before day," He would steal away from the haunts of men. The day's toil—of healing and speaking—had



(Photo supplied by the Swiss Federal Railways)

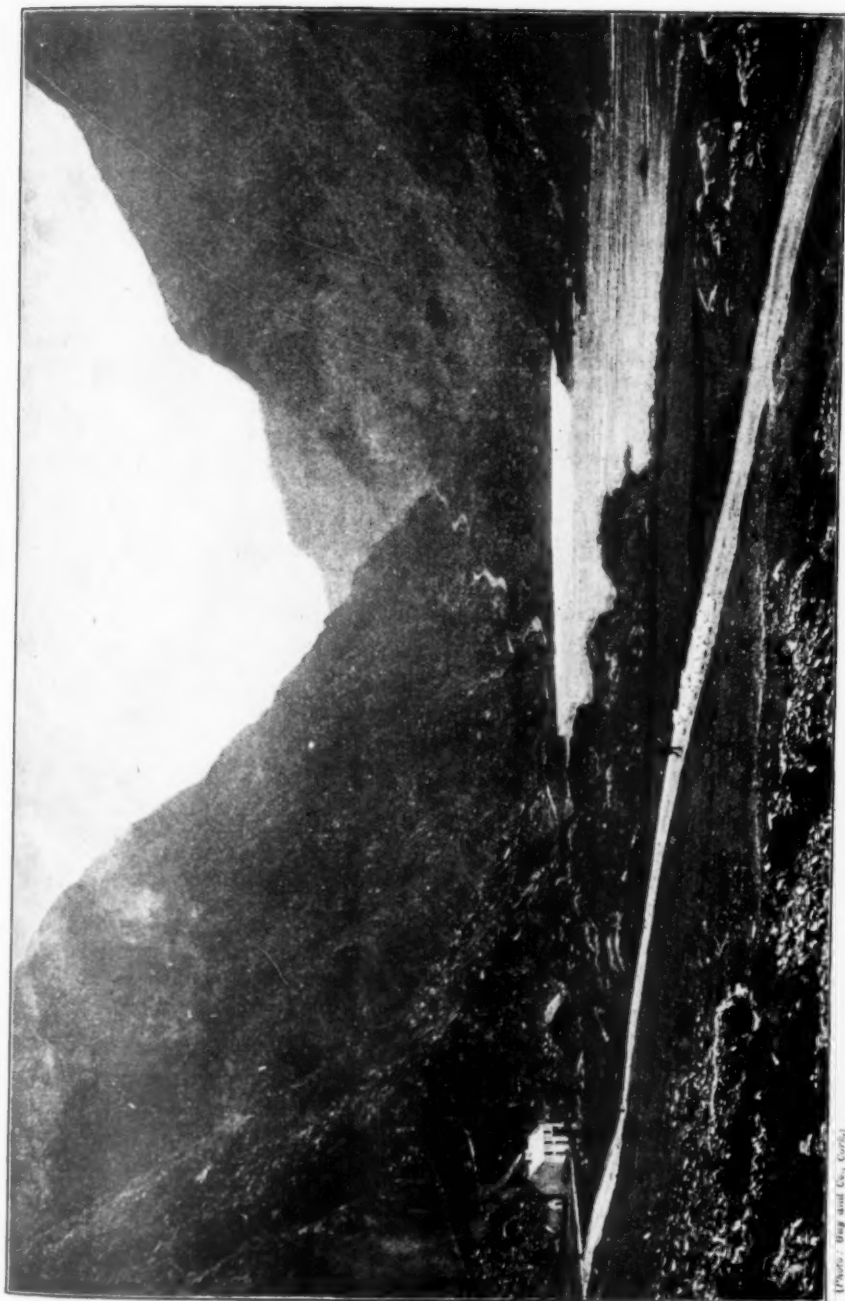
MÜNCH AND JUNG FRAU FROM MANNLICHEN.

been more than usually exhausting, and so, instead of passing the night in sleep, He would seek the mountain top, and there come face to face with the Father.

Some of my readers will have read up to this point with a certain amount of impatience. We all may long for the mountains, but only a few have the means to gratify that longing. Many who read these pages have never seen a mountain range, and possibly never will. Of what use is it to tell them of the inspiration and vision of its solitudes? Listen. There have been throughout the ages great souls who have lived on the mountains. Their lives have been inspired with the vision of the highest; the little trials and vexations of the cottage have not troubled them, because they have seen things with the perspective of the heights; their lives have been lived on a broad, grand scale that showed their familiarity with the infinite. Yet outwardly these lives have been passed in mean streets,

often among squalid and paltry surroundings. Sometimes their days have been passed amid the bustle of the city, or in the monotony of a small home; yet there has been an atmosphere of the heavens about their lives; something which shows they are not as ordinary men. They do not follow the same aims as those around them; their ways are strangely isolated, as of men who are in the world, yet do not belong to it. They know the value of money, pleasure and ease, yet they view these things from a perspective which puts them in their right proportion. The things that so distress their fellow-men they are able to smile at—not because they do not feel them, but because they know them to be so small. These are the men of the mountains, those who have had the vision of the heights. That vision all of us may have; to that company all of us may belong. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

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[Photo: Big and Co., Cork.]

AN IRISH SOLITUDE: THE GAP OF DUNLOE

Recollections of "Ian Maclaren"

By the Rev. Professor HUGH BLACK, D.D.

SOMEHOW it was very difficult to think of death in connection with John Watson. There are men with such an exuberance of vitality and such force of nature and such strong personality that it is hard to associate death with them at all. So it was with him. He had in a pre-eminent degree the Celtic warmth of nature, with the insight of sympathy, and above all with inexhaustible humour. All who knew him, however slightly, will remember how he poured out a stream of wit and wisdom, and the impression of force he left.

To my mind, the test of a man is his friends, his loyalty to them and theirs to him. Watson was a great friend, and had great friends, but beyond that inner circle there was an ever-widening one which extended as far as his presence reached.

He did some work which gave delight and instruction to many who never saw him, but he was bigger than anything he produced. There are many public men, authors, preachers, artists, of whom this cannot be said, and about whom we feel that the best of them is given in their work.

Watson said of Henry Drummond, one of that goodly number of his friends, that the man was greater than all his writings, and this is true of himself. To be in his company was to be refreshed by some of the tonic quality of fresh air.

It will be in the memory of most that he died in America on a visit to one of the colleges of the Middle West. There was something especially pathetic in his dying far from home, and far from most of his friends even in America. Yet it was fitting that his death should take place in America, for he loved that land and the people, and was always at home there. He sometimes even dreamed of going to settle, and after every visit he brought back to England, along with a budget of new stories, the most delightful recollections of the kindness of his reception. He understood America as few visitors do.

Dr. Watson the Scot

It was fitting also that his death should take place in the larger service of the Church, for though he was a loyal Presbyterian, as befits a true Scot, he belonged to all the Churches, and had sympathy with all. Of course this makes our sense of loss all the greater, because he was bigger than a Scot, and to-day we need men of catholic mind. In the task that lies before the Church of getting a broad basis for all good men and for the social applications of faith, we need men who combine qualities he possessed, religious experience, and interest in the broad affairs of life, and in literature and art.

Dr. Watson was known in America mostly as a writer, as comparatively few could have a chance of hearing him preach. He probably never would rank with the great preachers of the world, and there used to be stories told of his early ministry in Scotland which are surely mythical—such as that an old elder came to him at the end of a service and said:

"Mayster Watson, you are a fine man, but ye canna preach."

If there was any truth in that in his early days, it could not be said at a later time. It is certain that his reputation for his pulpit work was greatly enhanced by his removal to the church in Liverpool where he did his best work as a minister.

An evidence of his power was the influence he exerted on the civic life of that great city. He was the Nonconformist Bishop of the whole district. I remember on one of my visits to him there going with him to the installation of a new Lord Mayor of the city, and both the man laying aside the office and the man assuming it were members of his church. I think that in all there were six Lord Mayors of Liverpool from his congregation.

The Ministry of Comfort

A note in his preaching was a tenderness for the "under dog." Favourite sermons of his, which he preached on his last visit

to America, were on the more unpopular characters of the Bible, such as Jacob, Nicodemus, and the Elder Brother in the parable of the Prodigal Son. One of the last things he said in America was that, if he had to begin his ministry over again, he would preach more comforting sermons.

It was perhaps also along the same line when he added that he would preach shorter sermons. The last time he preached in New York was in the church of a mutual friend, Dr. Sage Mackay, and on leaving the pulpit he asked how long he had preached, and was told that it was not a moment too long, and that he had never preached better in his life.

"But how long was I?" he persisted, and when Dr. Mackay replied forty-five minutes he said wearily, "Ah, well, they may never hear me again."

**The Interpreter of
Scottish Life**

It is chiefly as an author that "Ian MacLaren" was known all over the world, and especially for his stories of Scottish life, in which he interpreted a side of humble life in Scotland. He has been criticised for dealing only with the best traits of the national character, and doing it in an exaggerated vein of sentiment. He knew well that there was a sordid side to life there as everywhere, and I believe he deliberately chose his line, think-

ing with truth that he was nearer the reality than any brutal realism could be. The sentiment may be exaggerated, but it was wholesome and human, and the pathos touches universal chords.

That explains the immense success of his books in America, even although the language must have been difficult to understand. "The lad o' pairts" is to be found everywhere. I have met him myself in the colleges of America as well as in Scotland; and sometimes he dies young as in the story, and the heart of a mother is broken. There are local "Doctor Maclures" in almost every town and village in America, men grown grey in service, and winning the affection of a countryside. There were many sneers at the literature of the "kailyard," but it showed much sympathetic insight into the life of the common people.

There was a fine combination of pathos and humour in his work, due to a combination of tender sensibility and a keen sense of the incongruous in life. As a man he had pity for the pathos of human life, and also the richest enjoyment of the comic side of it all.

His appreciation of the grotesque was highly developed. I remember Henry Drummond telling me before Watson was known as a writer that if he would put on paper some of his funny



(Photo: Richmond, New York)

DR. JOHN WATSON ("IAN MACLAREN").

stories they would match anything that had ever been done for humour. Perhaps this may have been an over-estimate; for a great deal of the wonderful charm of Watson's conversation was in the personality of the speaker. There is great humour which somehow gets lost when it is put in cold print.

Dr. Watson as Entertainer

Certainly Watson was the life of any company in which he happened to be. You were content simply to sit still and laugh as he recounted his experiences. It was as good as a play to hear him describe with appropriate imitation the varied visitors to a busy minister's study, varying from the picturesque Eastern to the sturdy vagrant.

Nothing could beat for amusement his account of his first night in an American sleeping-car, from his entrance in the middle of the night, his attempts to retire gracefully to the upper berth, his comic despair about undressing and again dressing, the impossibility of ever getting down clothed and in his right mind, the desperate feeling that he was there for life unless something happened to release him.

If those responsible for the night arrangements in the Pullman cars could have heard it, they would not be so proud of their achievements, and would get some more civilised way of disposing of people at night. I do not suppose that such a ludicrous narration could have been reproduced, and there is a true sense in which we can say that his best things were never written.

It is obvious that he was no lachrymose saint—we have had too many of these, anyway, as we have had too much of the foolish solemnity which makes wise men say, "Let's be grave, for here comes a fool." John Watson had his full measure of healthful sanity, and knew that there was a time to laugh and a time to weep, and he could make you do both.

The root of his humour was the very thing that made him spend himself in service as a minister. He was the life of every company because he was always giving out, not standing on dignity, but lavishly pouring out himself. The soul of his humour was the soul of the man. One feels this sadly about his untimely death, that he worked himself out, and though he was always speaking of resting the time never came when he did. Yet it may be that it is best so, and that he had really done his work. We never know enough ever to speak of an untimely end.

One of the last times I saw him was in his own study in Liverpool, and somehow our conversation turned to this question of unfinished lives. I reminded him of Sir Thomas Browne's treatment of it in a letter to a friend on the death of a young man dear to him. He brought the book from his shelves, and I read the passage to him. He was not familiar with it, and it comes back to me the way he was impressed, and the way in which he marked down the page.

The passage is, "He that early arriveth unto the parts and prudence of age is happily old without the uncomfortable attendants of it; and 'tis superfluous to live unto grey hairs, when in a precocious temper we anticipate the virtues of them. In brief, he cannot be accounted young who outliveth the old man. He that hath early arrived unto the measure of a perfect stature in Christ hath already fulfilled the prime and longest intention of his being; and one day lived after the perfect rule of piety is to be preferred before sinning immortality."

He had too keen a literary taste not to appreciate such a passage, and I remember how he repeated some of the phrases as if he relished them. The passage will always be associated in my mind with "Ian Maclaren," and what we thought to be his untimely death in America.



Marietta's Husband

A Complete Story

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING

"GOD has been very gracious to Marietta!" said the neighbours when they heard of her approaching marriage; and perhaps they had right on their side, for it was little to be expected that one whom Nature had treated so hardly should be able to find a husband. Short of stature, angular of form, ill-favoured of face, with dull, scanty hair, and crooked eyes, it was certainly strange that any man should have desired to make her his bride, more especially such a man as Pippino, gay, handsome, and quick-witted, with a voice that might have wooed the very stars from the sky. Yet there was one who appraised Marietta at her full worth, and that one was the foreign mistress whom she served.

"You will not leave me!" she cried in alarm when Marietta came to inform her of the coming change in her life; but her alarm was short-lived, for Marietta laughed the idea to scorn.

"Leave you, Signora?" she said in tones of amazement. "And how then should I keep my husband? There is all the more reason that I should stay with you!"

The answer was reassuring, yet the Signora was conscious of some dissatisfaction. Marietta was a treasure, worth her weight in gold, and surely she deserved a better fate than this!

"In the country that I come from," she said, "the husband works for the wife. It would be thought a shame for the man to live idly while the woman provided him with money. Are you sure that you have chosen wisely, Marietta? Pippino is a handsome fellow, but I sadly fear——"

She broke off suddenly, for Marietta's eyes flashed forth such a gleam of wrath and indignation that she was fairly startled.

"You are mistaken, Signora, altogether mistaken," she said. "Pippino is not idle. He works hard, but it is work that brings him no money."

"Then he had better change it for some work that does bring in money!" said the Signora obstinately, for though she dreaded to lose the mainstay of her household her

sense of right and justice urged her to persist.

But Marietta looked at her with an expression of solemn pity.

"The Signora does not understand," she said. "Pippino is to be a singer—a great singer, whose name will be known through all the world. Many people have told him so, but Pippino needs none to tell him, for he knows well with what a gift Heaven has blessed him. But to be a singer much more is needed than to have the gift of singing. Pippino is poor; his father burns charcoal on the hills, and in this country nothing can be done without money. If one should go empty-handed to an *impresario* and say, 'My voice is the voice of an angel: let me sing in your theatre!' he would laugh till the skies rang again. No; one must go craftily, like a serpent in its cunning, and, slipping something into his palm, say to him, 'Let me take the place of one of your singers to-night; I will ask for no reward, but just to make myself heard!' Then if he is gracious, and if one's singing should be praised, it will be the time to buy a costume, and when some opera that one has studied is to be given—who knows what may happen!"

She waved her hands expressively. Her voice thrilled, her face glowed; she was transfigured, and her mistress looked at her in astonishment.

"And it is for this, then, that Pippino means to marry you?" she said.

She could have bitten out her tongue the moment she had spoken, the words sounded so brutal, so heartless; but to her surprise they did not seem to wound Marietta.

"Yes, Signora," she said, with the proud humility of one who is preferred above her fellows; "it is for this he marries me. He knows well that I love him, seeing that it is no secret in the village, and when he heard that my *padrona* was generous and paid me well for my services, he came to me and told me that he was willing to be my husband. 'In that way you will have the happiness of helping me,' he said, and truly, Signora,

there is no happiness like that of helping the one who is dear to the heart ! ”

It was very beautiful. It was sacred with the blessing promised by Scripture to those who give rather than receive. It was also very convenient, since it seemed to secure Marietta's services in perpetuity, yet there was a shadow on the Signora's face as she watched her faithful handmaiden leave the room. There were heart-aches in store for Marietta—that was evident—and her mistress would gladly have saved her from them if she could.

It was not at once that the heart-aches came, however. Marietta was married in October, and all through that winter she worked gaily; doing far more in the day than three ordinary women could have done, and going home at night to mend her husband's clothes, clean the house, and prepare his food for the next day. It was impossible to tire her; she worked with a light in her eyes and a laugh on her lips, and the Signora felt inclined, after all, to agree with the neighbours that God had been very gracious to Marietta.

But these halcyon days were not to last for ever. Winter passed, spring came, and Marietta's eyes grew dim and her steps languid. Ominous sounds were more than once heard in the little pantry: a man's imprecations, a woman's sobs, angry words, penetrated to the *padrona's* unwilling ears—words of stormy reproach, of bitter upbraiding.

“ You wish, then, to give me your money no longer ! I know that you received thirty francs yesterday, and yet you say that you have no more than this for me ? Oh ! brute of a woman, daughter of the devil ! Bring me your money at once ! ”

“ Marietta, why did you scream this evening ? ” asked the Signora. “ I heard a heavy sound like that of a blow, and then you cried out in terror. ”

“ I did indeed cry out in terror, Signora, ” said Marietta promptly. “ My husband came to see me, and when the cat would have taken the milk he threw a broom at her, and I feared that the poor beast would be killed. ”

“ But the sound that I heard was not like the fall of a broom, ” said the Signora, suspiciously.

“ How it sounded in your ears, I cannot tell, ” replied Marietta ; “ but the cat knows

how it felt, and if she could speak she would bear witness to the truth of my words. ”

There was no challenging this statement, since it was clearly impossible to bring the cat into court, but the Signora shook her head sadly as Marietta disappeared.

May had come, the hot weather was approaching, the house must be shut up, and Marietta left to her own devices. Who could tell what might befall her before autumn brought back the foreign residents as swallows to the land of the sun ?

Much, indeed, had befallen Marietta before her mistress returned across the Atlantic from her far American home. There was a little grave in the village cemetery, a grave marked by no headstone and adorned by no wreath of china flowers in a glass case such as Italians love.

“ God has been very gracious to Marietta, ” said the neighbours as they shook their heads wisely. “ Pippino requires all her money, and it is better that the *bimbo* should lie under the grass, where he need be provided neither with clothe nor food. Yes, yes ; it is well that he was taken away from her. ”

It might be well, but there was a look in Marietta's eyes that went to her mistress's heart—the look that is seen in the eyes of a dumb animal that has been robbed of its young.

And, as far as her loss was concerned, Marietta was dumb. Her gay and ready speech had died with her smile, and though she worked as faithfully as of old, it was clear that the spring of joy was dried up, and that her life was but a bare and arid desert.

“ Put away your work ; you are tired ! ” said the Signora pitifully, as she came into the kitchen one evening and found Marietta bending over her needle, the petroleum lamp glaring cruelly into her red-rimmed eyes.

But Marietta clutched her work eagerly to her bosom.

“ There is only a little more that I have to do, ” she said. “ The Signora need not fear that I have neglected anything ; I finished all that she had given me to do before. ”

But here she was interrupted.

“ Do not speak in that way, ” said the Signora gently. “ Have you cared so little for my interests during the years that you have stayed with me that I should suspect you of betraying them now ? What is it that you are working at so busily ? ”

She glanced curiously at the bright-coloured satins that lay on the table, and Marietta answered her reluctantly.

"It is for Pippino," she said; "he has been very fortunate, Signora. For months past he has studied the part of Figaro, and now at last his chance has come to him. He is to sing in the opera at Siena next week, and if he pleases the *impresario* he will be taken to Bologna and then to Florence."

"And you are making his costume?"

"Yes, Signora; we could not afford to buy one, and to beginners there is no favour shown. Nothing is provided for them, and those who have already gained a footing try all they can to keep others back."

"But Pippino has a very good wife!" said the Signora.

Her eyes fell on the gay tunic as she spoke, and she saw that a tear was hidden among its folds. Marietta might be a good wife, but it seemed as if her goodness met with but little reward.

"It is his success that I pray for," said Marietta softly. "He trembles at the thought of failure, and says that his whole future depends on the cast of a die; if he should be hissed, his heart will burst with rage, and then shall I live solitary and forlorn all the days of my life!"

The Signora listened silently. Of Pippino's prospects she could form no opinion; but of the events that would follow his possible failure she felt no doubt whatever. His rage and disappoint-

ment would be expended on his unfortunate wife, and the broken heart would not be his, but hers, seeing that in cursing her as his evil genius he would find consolation.

If Marietta slept at all during the intervening nights, it could only have been by short snatches, for what with watching and prayer her eyes grew larger and more hollow day by day. She asked for no holiday; nor when her mistress offered it to her did she accept it with the expected alacrity.

"But if Pippino should not want me there!" she murmured.

"Pippino will certainly want you," said the Signora cheerfully. "Of that there can be no manner of doubt. You must go to Siena on Tuesday, hear him sing, and return at your leisure on Wednesday. The cook



"Called to the bystanders to take me away"—p. 940.

can manage alone for once, or I will have your cousin Virginia to do your work, and then, if you choose, you can stay another day or two."

"The Signora is too good," said Marietta humbly, but there was no joy in her face when she started on her expedition.

"She will be glad enough to stay a little longer if Pippino succeeds," said the Signora to Virginia; but Virginia shrugged her shoulders and tossed her head. Pippino, the admired, the envied of his fellow-villagers, was not envied in the matter of his wife. Marietta's shining qualities were obscured in their eyes by the unattractive husk that enclosed them.

Tuesday passed, the hours of Wednesday wore away, and the Signora nodded her kind head complacently.

"The prayers have been heard," she said to herself. "To-morrow Marietta will return radiant."

The thought had hardly passed through her mind when Virginia entered the room, her black shawl draped over her head.

"But how is it that you are going?" exclaimed the Signora. "You said that you would stay until Marietta returned."

"And it is because Marietta has returned that I am going," said Virginia calmly.

"Is Marietta here? Why does she not come to me? Tell her that I wish to see her at once."

There was no radiance in Marietta's aspect when she entered the room and stood before her mistress. Her eyes were dim, her face pale, her whole figure dejected.

"Oh, my poor soul!" cried the Signora sympathetically. "It is all over—Pippino has failed."

But the reply was unexpected.

"He has not failed, Signora; he has succeeded," said Marietta in an extinguished voice. "It was more than success: it was a triumph. Pippino sang like one inspired. He was not himself any more; he was Figaro. And when the opera was over the people carried him through the streets of Siena."

She relapsed into silence again, and her mistress looked at her with some perplexity. She longed to know all, yet feared to wound her with a question.

But in another moment Marietta raised her head and looked at her with a dull gaze

that had yet something more tragic in it than any fierce demonstration of woe.

"It was my fault," she said. "If I had been in Pippino's place, I should no doubt have done the same. I searched for him to-day, that I might ask his pardon, but I could not find him, and so I came back to you."

The confidence in her tone, like that of a broken-hearted child who yet knows that it has a refuge by its mother's side, touched the Signora to the quick.

"You did well to come back to me," she said; "but tell me what it is that has happened. You must not despair. Things will be better by-and-by."

But Marietta shook her head.

"No, Signora; things will not be better," she said. "Carried away by my joy, I went round to the stage door, and in the presence of the crowd who waited for him I threw my arms round Pippino's neck, and when I called him my beloved husband he hissed in my ear that I had shamed him for ever, and called to the bystanders to take me away, for I was a mad woman and he did not know me!"

She spoke calmly. Her anguish was too great for tears, and a wave of pity filled her mistress's heart.

"But Pippino will return to you," she said, with a remembrance of the apostle who denied his best Friend and yet returned to Him with bitter weeping and repentance.

"The Signora does not know Pippino as I know him," said Marietta quietly; "but it was my fault, and if I had been in his place I should no doubt have done the same."

She turned as she finished speaking to make up the fire, with the air of one who disposes of a subject for ever, and out of respect to her feelings her mistress restrained all expression of the indignation that burned within. If she could have ordered things, she would have administered poetic justice to Pippino in the shape of a disgraceful failure and a sudden collapse of his fame; but, being powerless in the matter, she was condemned to read day by day of the triumphs of the new tenor, who was followed from Siena to Bologna, and from Bologna to Florence, by an ever increasing chorus of praise.

Marietta could not read; but her ignorance did not spare her, for though her mistress

told her nothing, the neighbours were not so considerate. Every creature whom she met poured out some fresh piece of information, till at last she could bear it no longer, and remained in the house altogether.

* * * * *

"If Marietta refuses to do her work, I cannot stay!" said the cook as she flounced into the dining-room one morning.

The Signora stared at her in amazement.

"Marietta has never refused to work since she entered my service," she said.

"Then come and look at her now!" said the cook, flouncing out again.

"Marietta, what is it?" cried the Signora, in alarm, as she entered the kitchen; but there was no answer. Marietta sat on a chair by the wall, stretching out her hands to an imaginary fire and shivering with a deadly chill that came from no physical malady.

To put her to bed and to send for a doctor was easy, but an ill such as this was beyond any human physician's power to remedy.

"She is stricken for death," he said, and the Signora felt that he spoke the truth.

"Can you tell me where your son is?" she asked of Pippino's mother that day; but the old woman answered her cautiously.

"He is going across the seas," she said, "to a great and rich country where he will receive much money. It is, I think, called America, but perhaps the Signora knows it?"

"Yes, it is my country," said the Signora briefly; "but I wish to have Pippino's address, that I may write to him or see him before he sails."

"His address I cannot give you," was the prompt answer. "I have a letter from him

this morning—a most beautiful letter—but he is leaving Florence, and I do not know where he will be. He sends his love to Marietta, and says that he owes all his good fortune to her; but it is a pity that he was in such haste to marry her, for there is a great lady who adores him, and who would gladly give herself to him with all that she has. She, too, is going to America. He says that she has a face like an angel's, and that her dresses are the envy of every woman who sees her. Ah! yes, it is a beautiful letter. The Signora would say so herself if she read it."

But the Signora was already far on her way down the village street.

"Marietta, you are well quit of such a villain!" were the words that burned on her lips. Yet when she entered the room where Marietta lay she thrust them back into silence: before the face of Death anger shrinks ashamed.

"Marietta, I have a message for you from Pippino," she said as she knelt down by the bed. "He sends you his love, and says that it is to you that he owes all his good fortune."

A smile of rapture dawned on the poor, sunken face—a smile so sweet, so joyous, that it stirred the very depths of the Signora's heart. A rush of tears dimmed her eyes, and when she had brushed them away she saw that on the wings of that joy the weary soul had taken its flight.

"God has been very gracious to Marietta!" said the neighbours to each other as they stood round the grave in the village cemetery, and as the Signora thought of the deserted wife set free from the troubling of the wicked and restored to the child whom she loved she told herself that they said well.



Is England Becoming Less Christian?

The Question answered by the Bishop of Durham, Prebendary Carlile, Dr. Archibald Fleming, Dr. John Clifford, the Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, the Rev. Bernard J. Snell, Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, and Dr. C. F. Aked

Views collected by G. M. MACKNESS

DR. CHARLES F. AKED, once of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, and now of New York, is a preacher of compelling utterance. He is not given to mincing his words, and whatever views he has on a religious or political subject, those views are expressed with a strength of conviction that is frequently startling, not to say alarming, to those who take life more easily than does the strenuous pastor of Fifth Avenue Baptist Chapel.

In a recent sermon Dr. Aked laid down the proposition that Christianity was rapidly declining in England. Some old church-goers may recall Dr. Dale's opinion that this could hardly be called a Christian country, but Dr. Aked's point seems to have been that whatever Christianity England possessed was approaching the vanishing point at an alarming speed. The failure of religious progress in America he attributed chiefly to the unwillingness of the moneyed class to provide funds necessary to carry on the work of the Church. They had forgotten the ancient ordinance of giving a tenth of their substance to the Lord; in fact, he seemed to imply that more money went to the help of the arch-enemy of mankind.

With the view of discovering to what extent Dr. Aked's experience coincided with that of eminent religious workers in England, I put myself in touch with certain Church and Nonconformist leaders,

and requested their views on these three points:—

1. In your opinion, is England really becoming less Christian?

2. Are your church-goers decreasing in number? If so, who are the defaulters, and how do you account for it?

3. Is it the fact that many thinking and progressive men and women keep away from church because the pulpit is out of touch with the times?

It is significant how many of the preachers are agreed that modern restlessness, as shown in the week-end habit and the passion for motoring, is largely responsible for non-attendance at church.



DR. C. F. AKED.

The Bishop of Durham

Dr. Handley Moule, the Bishop of Durham, acknowledges the "ebbing" of the power of Christian belief, and attributes it to the development of modern locomotion, our greater love of pleasure, and the irreverent handling of Holy Scripture.

"Undoubtedly church-going (including all denominations under the word Church) is not as general as it was even thirty years ago.

"The defaulters belong, I think, nearly equally (in proportion) to all classes.

"It is to be feared that this alone is proof that the power of Christian belief generally is at present ebbing, though it must always be remembered that the influence of religion extends very far indeed,



PREBENDARY CARLILE.

in one form or another, beyond the actual attendance at public worship. "Probably you are right in the surmise that many 'thinking and progressive' people of the younger generation have ceased to attend worship. My impression is, however, that defection among such persons is less than among the unthinking and unprogressive who make pleasure and sport their gods, and more or less avowedly live for themselves and the present moment.

"Among deeper tendencies adverse to the Faith we must reckon, no doubt, the often extravagant freedom with which Holy Scripture is handled by those who should at least remember the tremendous risks of the least approach to irreverence; the omission, in very numerous cases, from sermons of all really arresting presentation of the solemnities of man's immortal interests, and the supreme necessity and glory of Christ, and the failure to set a noble and (by grace) attainable standard of purity and beauty in life before men.

"Among the lower and more concrete obstacles are the restlessness largely developed by modern locomotion, and the consequent disintegration of home-life and lowering of the whole ideal of parental duty and influence.

"And spiritual powers antagonistic to God are no doubt at work behind the whole outward phenomenon."

Prebendary Carlile

The Rev. Prebendary Carlile, founder and leader of the Church Army, takes a more hopeful view of the situation. Mr. Carlile says:

"1. General Christianity is by no means declining in England, and the Live Spirit of the Founder is stronger to-day than ever in every forward movement for good.

"2. Genuine Christianity is not de-

pendent on Mr. Rockefeller, but on the Holy Oil in the good lives of the poor rather than the rich. No Cræsus could evangelise Nero's household either in Rome or Park Lane.

"3. Alas! the pulpit often plays over the heads of the people rather than into their hearts. Personal touch is a better school than universities and theological seminaries.

"4. The defaulters in the worship of God are those who worship themselves, their ease, their pleasures, their money, rather than living for others' good."

Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot

The Rev. Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot says that he looks with great anxiety on the present ways of spending the Sabbath, and attributes them to three causes—the bicycle, the motor-car, and the week-end.

"The coachmen who have become chauffeurs," he says, "have more arduous duties than in the old days when horses were used, and as the machinery of their cars requires the closest watching they are quite unable to attend public worship when they take out their masters and mistresses. The number of Sunday school teachers has fallen deplorably during the last two years, and I am afraid that many of these are from the upper classes, though, no doubt, others come from the middle classes of society."

Canon Joseph McCormick, D.D.

Canon McCormick is the Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, London, and has special and peculiar opportunities of observing the influence of religion on what is commonly spoken of as "Society." On the whole, he takes a cheerful view; some of the defaulters, he thinks, would be out of touch with any church. He says:

"1. I have no evidence that Christianity is declining in



CANON JOSEPH MCCORMICK, D.D.

England generally. In some localities it doubtless is, but not in others.

"2. Our church is full, but there are many in flats and lodgings and clubs in our parish who, as far as I can judge, never enter a place of worship. Probably they go out of town for Sunday.

"3. I think it is possible that some persons consider, or say, that the Church is out of touch with them. This may be nothing but an excuse; and I doubt whether the Church ever would be in touch with them."

The Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D.

The Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., of St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Belgrave, is slow to attribute whatever decline there may be to the indifference of wealthy men and women.

Dogmatic Christianity may be changing shape, but vital Christianity is more powerful than ever.

"If there is a decline in the influence of Christianity," he writes, "I should certainly be slow to attribute it to the unwillingness of the moneyed classes to provide the funds. It was not with the help of money that the Apostolic Church widened its bounds and strengthened its stakes; nor has any great religious awakening in the intervening centuries been the outcome of a vast outpouring of finance; in fact, the order is inevitably reversed—the religious awakening is precedent, not antecedent, to the outbreak of liberality. At the risk of using old-fashioned language, I should say that what is wanted is far more a fresh outpouring of the Spirit than a fresh outpouring of pounds, shillings, and pence, however useful in a secondary sense the latter may be.

"With regard to your questions:—

"1. 'Is Christianity declining?' I should say 'No.' Dogmatic Christianity may be or may not be changing shape; vital Christianity seems to me more pervasive than ever.

"2. 'Are church-goers becoming fewer?' Generally speaking, yes; but

a living ministry still always attracts absorbed crowds, and the mere multiplication at the present day of inquiries into things spiritualistic shows an unabated, if in some directions perverted and morbid, interest in things spiritual.

"3. Many thoughtful young people stay away from church not so much, I think, because the pulpit is out of touch with the times—for in a sense 'topical preaching' is too much rather than too little prevalent—but because (a) the clerical profession unfortunately does not at present attract a sufficiently large proportion of men of first-class mental attainment; (b) conflicts of ceremonial and distinctive creed too much take the place of the teaching of vital religion—in this respect ritualists and anti-ritualists seem to me equally ritualistic, and sacramentarians and anti-sacramentarians equally sacramentarian; (c) politics have been deplorably drawn into association with religion, more particularly by Nonconformity in England and Dissent in Scotland. When this is the case, religion is inevitably discredited."

The Rev. Dinsdale T. Young

The Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, the popular Nonconformist preacher and lecturer, puts his views on the matter in a nut-shell.

"The churches where the evangelical gospel is preached as a living reality are usually well attended. It is because the churches leave the central truths too much that the attendances decline."

The Rev. Bernard J. Snell, M.A., B.Sc.

"This is not the time for Christianity to despair," is the trumpet note of the Rev. Bernard J. Snell's reply, although he admits that there is a certain lessening of public interest in the Church for reasons that are plainly to be seen—or heard.

"I think that the principles of Christ," he writes, "are more regnant than ever; that wherever justice, freedom, and brotherhood are prevailing, there the influence of Christ is telling; that the enthusiasm



DR. ARCHIBALD FLEMING.

of humanity has been learnt almost wholly from Him; that His ethics have practically conquered civilisation; that human conduct is increasingly regulated and standardised by Him. No; this is not the time for Christians to despair!

"As to churches, I should say primarily that they are not of the *esse* of the religion of Christ. It may readily be conceived of as triumphing without them. But as to your specific question, I think that there is cumulative evidence of a certain lessening of public interest in the churches, and that it is largely due to the fact that the vocabulary of the churches has become "sounding brass." Put a man in the pulpit, and *bid him tell out the truth* that is in him, and if he has any force of character at all he will not fail of hearers and supporters—if *he only will*."

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D.

I found Dr. Campbell Morgan so busy "with a Christianity that is all alive" that he could not go into the matter in detail. But as his "firm belief" he wrote that:

"I do not get into a panic over a phase. The tide is always busy ebbing and flowing, and every time it comes in a little higher up."

Dr. John Clifford, M.A.

Lastly, I would quote the wise utterance of Dr. John Clifford, who during his

long ministry in London has had ample opportunity of studying the question. He admits a decline in church-going, chiefly with the rich and idle, but finds happiness in the thought that the Christianity of Christ is making progress at home and abroad.

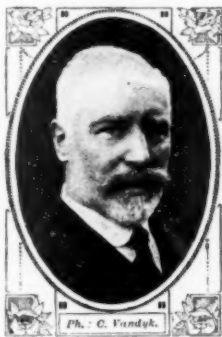
"I do not think Christianity is 'declining' at all. I have no doubt that the Christianity of Christ is advancing in this and in other lands. It is a mistake to identify Christianity with the churches, real with official Christianity.

"It is necessary not to confuse the forms and modes in which Christianity expresses itself with the substance. There is change,

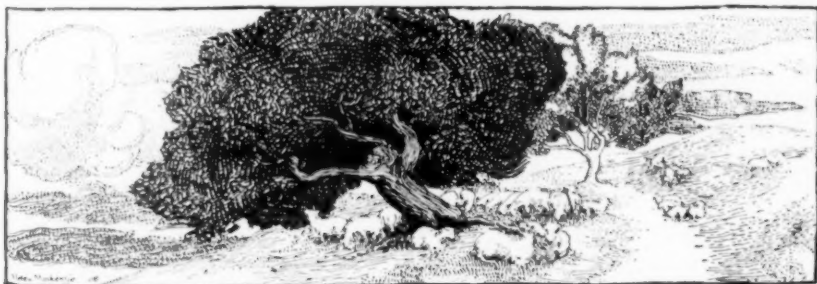
but not decline. The agents through which the Christian ideas and forces are expressing themselves, and realising the rule of God, increase; and the sway of the Christian spirit was never wider and stronger than now.

"There is a decline in church-going due to many causes, one of which is the wondrous fulness of the life of the day; another is the inordinate lust for wealth and pleasure. The decline is chiefly with the rich and idle classes, as it has ever been.

"Yes, *some* preachers fail to keep abreast of the intellectual and social activities of the time, and therefore young men and women seek the nourishment for their higher life in ethical societies and the like."



THE REV. B. J. SNELL, M.A.,
B.Sc.



The League of Life

By MORICE GERARD

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

"THE LEAGUE OF LIFE" is a mysterious order founded by Horace Ainslie, a young doctor who has given up his life to helping the poor in Hagley Row, a mean district of South London. The owner of the largest works in that neighbourhood is Mr. Gerrison, whom Ainslie has failed to interest in his work until the rich man's daughter is injured in a collision at sea and the doctor renders first aid. Mr. Gerrison is bewildered when the doctor refuses a fee, and is still more bewildered when Ainslie tells him of the League. "It has only two objects—to refrain from hurting, to help. It has only two rules—to try to do some good every day, to give a fraction of income to some Christian or philanthropic objects." His bewilderment gives place to alarm when he finds that his daughter is becoming interested in the doctor. She was a beauty, and her parents had ambitions of a fashionable marriage for her. However, as it was Mr. Gerrison's intention to contest the Hagley Row division in Parliament, Ainslie is invited to the Gerrisons' "At Home." At the same time he receives an invitation to Lady Brackenthorpe's dinner-party.

CHAPTER VII

LADY BRACKENTHORPE'S DINNER-PARTY

THE Brackenthorpes' dinner was at eight o'clock.

Dr. Ainslie had ordered a private motor, which he used daily, to be ready for him at half-past seven. Before dressing he had been round to the Dawsons', paying his nightly visit. He then came straight from Fenner's Court to his rooms, changed into evening-dress, and stepped into the carriage. He bowled through the streets at a rapid pace, the chauffeur being an excellent driver, before whom difficulties of traffic melted away. The pace suited Ainslie's mood; his spirits were under the influence of stimulating emotions. Behind him lay work, arduous, anxious, at times sordid work, which he had undertaken with his eyes open, but which now and again oppressed his nervous system almost beyond endurance. Before him lay a different world, the world of wealth, of ease, of comfort, of refinement, the very antithesis of the atmosphere of Hagley Row. Ainslie was the link between the two. In this he was the living embodiment of the principles of the League of Life. This was the aim of the League, to create a human bond, to stimulate a human sympathy, so that the rich might feel for the poor, and the poor have their lot in life ameliorated and mitigated by those more fortunate than themselves.

Ainslie looked forward with eager anticipation to the two visits he was about to pay. The dinner at the Brackenthorpes was sure to be mentally stimulating; it would lift him up out of the Slough of Despond into which he had felt himself descend during the last two or three days. Then, again, beyond that was the dance at

the Gerrisons. He was to see Maud Gerrison for the first time in her own intimate circle. How far would the impression he had formed of her be confirmed or modified? He told himself he was interested in the solution of the character sketch he had made of her.

Was this all? Was this true? Did no deeper and more intimate feeling stir within him?

Behind it all was another problem: the days were fast approaching when he would have to give his final decision about standing as a parliamentary candidate for the constituency.

Josiah Gerrison was already before the electors informally. It was known that the life of the present member could only be extended for a few days, perhaps for a few hours. If Ainslie agreed to the wishes of his friends, Mr. Gerrison and he would be in conflict almost immediately. How would this affect Maud? Once again her individuality occupied the centre of his thoughts.

The motor drew up at Lord Brackenthorpe's house. Ainslie was among the last to arrive. The small drawing-room into which he was shown by the butler was half filled with guests, who were standing and talking in little groups.

Lady Brackenthorpe came forward to greet him. As she did so, nearly everyone in the room turned to look at the newcomer. To half the guests he was a familiar figure, to the other half an interesting personality, talked about as a coming power.

Men and women too are influenced by curiosity. Ainslie's life history stirred this quality, if quality it can be called. Besides what he had done, and given up, Ainslie was himself a striking person. He had a certain leonine appearance, bold



"'I am afraid I am dreadfully rude,' Ainslie apologised."

features, a mane of hair which resisted all the efforts of the barber to subdue it, and a distinguished look. As he walked along the streets he attracted attention, and people asked who he was.

"May I introduce you to Miss Horncastle? You will like to know her, Horace."

Lady Brackenthorpe made the introduction, after Ainslie had made a tour of the guests with whom he was personally acquainted.

"Miss Horncastle, Dr. Ainslie will take you in to dinner. He is my cousin, mentor, and very good friend."

Lady Brackenthorpe then passed on to arrange her other guests.

While Ainslie was speaking on some indifferent topic—the weather, or the state of the roads—he took the opportunity of canvassing mentally the appearance and character of the lady who had been singled out to spend the next hour in his company. He well knew that Lady Brackenthorpe had made the arrangement with some intention.

Miss Horncastle was past her first youth; she had, in fact, left it behind her some

little time. She was not good-looking, but everything about her expressed intelligence and alertness.

"You are wondering who I am," she said, with a little laugh. "Don't deny it; I am used to reading people." She looked at him through her pince-nez.

"I am afraid I am dreadfully rude," Ainslie apologised. "You see, I live habitually in a world where we say what we mean, and are not given to hiding even the thought at the back of our eyes."

"I should like to know that world," Miss Horncastle laughed. "It would serve as a tonic, a rest cure, after the one in which I live and move and have my being. Where is it, pray?"

"Hagley Row."

"Forgive my ignorance; I have never even heard of it."

"You will very soon. Our member is dying, after long service to the constituency. I have noticed that nothing makes a place more known to the British public than a bye-election."

At this moment dinner was announced,

and the conversation was interrupted. It was not resumed until Ainslie had nearly finished his soup and refused sherry.

Miss Horncastle, while sipping her soup, had taken in the appointments of the table and the company sitting round it. There were about a dozen guests in all, besides the host and hostess.

"I am very much interested in what you tell me, Dr. Ainslie, professionally as well as personally."

"I am afraid I do not follow you." Ainslie had, in fact, forgotten what he had said.

"As to the coming election, I am the secretary of the Guild of Women Journalists. We have a good deal to say on most subjects, especially politics."

"So I understand." Ainslie closed his lips with a characteristic gesture.

Miss Horncastle smiled. "You are a man, and you have a man's prejudices against women 'dabbling in politics.' I know the phrase so well."

"I own to it," Ainslie conceded.

"May I tell you that you are wrong?"

Miss Horncastle's voice deepened as she became serious. "Forgive me, Dr. Ainslie," she went on, "I believe you are worth winning to our side."

"What makes you think that?"

"Intuition—a woman's safest guide." She went on speaking more rapidly. "These are the days of social legislation before everything. Think of the part that women play in social life, and how much of the comfort of men depends on us. Why should we not have our say, use our influence in dealing with these topics? You are quite mistaken if you think we want to leave our proper functions. There is no one in the world who thinks more of wifehood and motherhood than I do, although I shall never be either wife or mother."

"Is not that a very strong statement, a venture into the unsafe land of prophecy, Miss Horncastle?" he suggested.

"Not at all. I am forty-two; my life is all mapped out, and I know perfectly what lies before me just as I know what lies behind me. What I want to see, what I aim at, is the raising of women to the Christian ideal, treated among the working-classes as they are among the best of those in our own rank of life."

"I quite agree with you there. I am

working on the same lines myself, although perhaps in a different fashion."

"I am very glad to hear it. I felt you were a congenial spirit directly I looked at you. That was, no doubt, why Lady Brackenthorpe arranged we should go in to dinner together."

"Perhaps it was that one of us might be converted," Ainslie laughed.

"Which one?"

"You."

"Are you an arch-priest, then, of some new sect?"

"I noticed, when we sat down to table, that you were studying our fellow-guests."

"That is quite true. It is a journalist's business to observe."

"Yet I fancy one thing escaped you."

"What was that?"

"Look more closely. There are fourteen people in the room; eight out of the fourteen—including myself—are wearing a particular badge, not obtrusive, or it would have caught your eye, but all the same significant."

A pause. It was broken by Miss Horncastle.

"I see what you mean—a tiny dove with outstretched wings?"

"It is the badge of the League of Life," Ainslie explained, "of which you might say, perhaps, that I am the arch-priest."

"A new brand of Christian Socialism?"

"No, only the first half—Christian. It is a brotherhood of sympathy and helpfulness, just as the name expresses, a League of Life. It has nothing to say to confiscation in any shape or form. We want a community of feeling, and we believe that to be the solution of our difficulties—not Socialism in any shape or form."

"I like your gospel, at any rate. It does not seem to lack adherents." Miss Horncastle glanced expressively round the brilliantly lighted room. These guests, she knew, were to be weighed rather than counted, or they would not have been sitting at Lady Brackenthorpe's hospitable table.

"It is spreading," he said; "spreading rapidly. At present we have been working quietly behind the scenes."

"Is that time over?"

"The election in Hagley Row may mark a change. I am speaking to you in confidence. It is not yet quite decided, but there is some prospect of a League of Life

candidate, pure and simple, one who would have no other aim or end except the propagation of the social truths in which we believe."

"Will it be easy," Miss Horncastle inquired thoughtfully, "to find such a candidate?"

"Possibly he is already found."

"Is it a secret?"

Dr. Ainslie smiled. Before him on the dining-table, beyond his unused wine-glasses, was a square of cardboard, bearing his name, "Dr. Horace Ainslie." He picked it up and handed it to Miss Horncastle.

"I am very much interested," she said. "You have answered one question; now for another. Will any constituency in the Kingdom return a candidate who is non-political, a League of Life man and nothing else?"

"That remains to be proved," Ainslie answered quietly.

At this moment the ladies rose from the table.

"I will come and see, and perhaps help you a little," Miss Horncastle whispered, as she passed by towards the open door.

CHAPTER VIII

AT WINSLOW GARDENS

MR. GERRISON had kept his eyes open since he met Dr. Ainslie for the first time, and was introduced to that strange creation of his brain, the League of Life.

Gerrison, as a rule, would have passed the whole thing by as not worthy of a moment's attention, but three things compelled his interest.

In the first place, he was the largest employer of labour in Hagley Row, and the Row happened to be the centre of Ainslie's activities, and the foundation home of the League.

In the second place, Gerrison aspired to parliamentary honours; he wished to represent the constituency from which his wealth was derived. Anything which had to do with the opinions of that constituency touched him very nearly.

In the third place, there was Maud.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Gerrison were surprised to find what an impression Ainslie had made on their daughter. She was struck by his

personality. He had told her about his aims and projects, and she had been stirred to sympathy with them. Neither had absence made her forget. When the dance was projected she had insisted that Dr. Ainslie should have a card, and carried the point against the opposition of both her parents. Mrs. Gerrison had argued that a doctor from a place like Hagley Row was not at all likely to be in harmony with their rich friends in the neighbourhood of Winslow Gardens. Gerrison had looked at the matter from a totally different point of view. He stoutly maintained that Ainslie would not care to come; the doctor was much too strenuous to be lured to the West End by a dance.

Nevertheless, Maud carried her point. The invitation was sent.

In the meanwhile, the manufacturer used his eyes; he was looking for the symbol of the League among his employees. The first man he saw wearing the dove, a cheap thing pinned conspicuously on the blue overall which covered him at his work, Gerrison had felt inclined to dismiss on the spot. After an hour he discovered that to do so would involve the departure of a large percentage of the best men on the works.

The League of Life was popular and extending. Daily the numbers increased. It did not attract the loafers, nor the careless and indifferent, the least worthy of the workmen; it appealed to men who were self-respecting, and who consequently respected others.

Out of these observations on Gerrison's part, combined with the immediate prospect of an election, came the sending of his cheque for £1,000.

But the cheque was returned. Gerrison, for the first time in his life, was brought face to face with something which his past experience did not help him to understand—that a man who wished to propagate ideas, requiring a considerable expenditure, should refuse a handsome cheque, was something quite beyond Gerrison's imagination.

Two, at any rate, of the three members of the Gerrison family, looked forward with lively anticipation to Ainslie's appearance at the ball. They were Maud and her father.

The doctor's motor drew up at Winslow Gardens at eleven o'clock. He was very nearly the last guest to arrive.

"I am glad to see you, Dr. Ainslie," Mrs. Gerrison said, giving him a somewhat formal shake of the hand—she was still in doubt as to whether he was on a social par with her other guests; "I am afraid you have been detained. Most of our friends have been here nearly an hour."

"I was dining with the Brackenthorpes, and could not get away earlier."

"Then you manage to work in a little social enjoyment with your labours, Dr. Ainslie?" Mr. Gerrison put in, with a slight sarcastic intonation.

"It is the first time I have been out of Hagley Row since I saw you last," Ainslie responded quietly.

There was an awkward pause, which was broken by Mrs. Gerrison's suggestion that they should all go to the ball-room, as no new arrivals were announced.

A dance was just over. Maud and her late partner were standing on the opposite side of the room, facing the door by which Mr. and Mrs. Gerrison and the doctor entered.

Ainslie glanced round. The company represented wealth, just as the Brackenthorpes' dinner-party had represented distinction. Ainslie was interested, glad he had come. Here was a fresh field for his energies. If he could bring the Gerrisons' friends into his net, he would accomplish a great deal towards effecting his purpose. In all these matters it is like throwing a stone into a pond—the circles, small at the outset, widen stage by stage.

As his eye travelled round the room he saw Maud, who had already noticed his entrance, and given him a bright nod of greeting. For a moment he forgot the League of Life, the schemes fertilising in his busy brain, as the girl's image struck across his intimate perception.

Maud stood out alone, apart from her world, neither of it nor in it. That night she looked curiously beautiful, with a beauty not merely physical, but conveying the idea of a fine character, a mind tuned to high things. She was dressed in cream silk, a single chain of brilliants round her throat, and diamonds in her hair, the latter golden in some lights, brown in others.

As Ainslie looked at her his heart throbbed, his pulses beat an unfamiliar, intoxicating tune. He knew, in that one moment, with the ball-room separating them, while the band was playing the first bars of a fresh

waltz, that facing him was the one woman who might become all his world. Their paths might diverge, she might already have given her promise to another, but for him he had met his ideal. He stood quite still, looking at her, hardly knowing that he did so, so surprised was he at the inrush of his own feelings. A blush began to tinge Maud's cheeks, spreading to her ears, down to her throat, and she smiled and turned away.

What had his eyes told her in that one tell-tale moment?

Gradually he worked his way round the room. Maud was not dancing. She had been speaking to two or three of the older ladies who were standing in one of the recesses of the saloon, but when Ainslie came up he found the girl alone.

"I am so glad you have come," she said, giving him her hand.

The blush, which had hardly died out of her face, returned under the influence of his eyes. He could not help telling her, not in words, but quite as effectually, how beautiful he thought she was.

"I always meant to come. Did you doubt it?"

"No; only when you were so late I thought perhaps you had been prevented."

"I wonder whether I shall be sorry or glad—afterwards?" he commented, almost as if speaking to himself.

Maud looked surprised. "Why should you be sorry or glad—afterwards?"

Horace Ainslie looked down at her from his commanding height.

"You have lured me away," he said, "from my line of life, from the round of my daily duty. You have brought me into another world, quite different, and you have given me a new experience."

"Is not that all to the good?" she asked.

"You know the adage, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' You must relax sometimes, especially as, from all I hear, your life is a very full one, very strenuous, sometimes very sad."

A minute or two later he found himself telling her about the visit he had been paying in Fenner's Court, about the youth who had been brought back out of the darkness into the light.

It seemed a strange story, incongruous to tell amidst those brilliant surroundings, yet Maud listened to it with sympathy, and her eyes filled with tears.



"Maud was about to reply when her father bustled up, eager to interrupt their tête-à-tête"—p. 352.

"I am going to Hagley Row one day, soon," she said. "Father has promised to take me. I shall be able to understand better then what you are doing, what your life is."

"You will let me know when you are coming?" he answered. "I should like to show you round."

"You will want to make me a member of your League."

"On the contrary, Miss Gerrison; you are debarred by one of our rules."

She looked surprised. "I thought you would be glad of any recruits."

Ainslie smiled at her perplexity. "We do not admit anyone under twenty-one years of age."

"Is that all?" she answered with a laugh. "Then I shall soon qualify!"

"Perhaps by that time you will have changed your mind."

"Do you think I change so easily?" she asked, as she looked him full in the eyes.

"I believe nothing but good of you," he answered; "nothing."

"Good?" she echoed. "I believe you can teach me a great deal. Mine has been a butterfly life. Good is, surely, doing good."

"I should like to try," he said, "if you really think I can teach you anything."

"You shall."

They had talked through one dance; another was beginning. "Now," she said, "I want you to become frivolous. I have kept my programme fairly empty."

Ainslie took it up as it hung from her fan. He pencilled his initials upon it: "H. A."

Something told Maud that her programme from that moment became one of her treasured possessions; those initials marked a new era in her life.

A minute later they had taken their places on the polished floor among the dancers. Ainslie had a natural ear for music; his experience in dancing was rusty, but Maud's skill made up for that.

Considerable attention was given to the pair as they circled rhythmically up and down the saloon. Many asked who Ainslie was; as at Lord Brackenthorpe's, so here his personality attracted attention and stimulated inquiry. Beyond comparison, Maud and her partner were by far the most distinguished looking couple on the floor.

Mr. Gerrison looked on with a certain annoyance on his face. He was shrewd enough to see that his daughter regarded Ainslie with distinctly favourable eyes. The feeling he had had at Dover, and had practically forgotten, now came back to him.

There were several young men among his guests whom Mr. Gerrison would have welcomed as aspirants for his daughter's hand, but Maud's reserve kept them at bay.

Ainslie was an outsider, a crank, a man apparently without wealth or position, yet taking his place with an assured air, as if he had both. Worse than this, Maud evidently regarded him with a favour and appreciation she accorded to no one else.

The dance was over. Ainslie guided his partner back again to the recess in which they had been standing before. The touch of her hand on his arm thrilled him.

"I shall never forget that—never!" he said.

Maud was about to reply when her father bustled up, eager to interrupt their *lête-à-lête*.

CHAPTER IX

THE PASSING OF ROBERT DAWSON

BETWEEN one and two o'clock in the morning Ainslie found himself motoring homewards towards Hagley Row. It is an hour when London is curiously silent, with a silence all the more marked in contrast to what has gone before, and what will follow after. The traffic of the night has ceased to be, the traffic of the morning has not yet begun.

As he drove home he was immersed in thought, regardless of the streets through which he passed with a rapidity which would have been impossible at any other hour. He was conscious that he had come to a crisis in his life, to the parting of the ways. The vision of Maud Gerrison, as he had seen her that night, remained a living thing, as if she were before his eyes, even now that they were parted. A man of strenuous nature, with emotions strong and deep, like the waters of some mountain stream, Ainslie was not one to love by halves. He looked the situation in the face, he gazed into the future. What was to come of it?

There was his life's work, the devotion of his best years. That could never be

abandoned; it was unthinkable. Yet how did Maud Garrison fit into the picture? Something told him that she was not wholly unstirred by a similar feeling to the one he recognised in himself. She had shown him, in the subtle way which a woman has at her command, that he stood apart in her regard from the men whom she habitually met. She had not, of course, even faintly suggested anything of a deeper nature; that could only come in response to his own reaching out for it; but even supposing that Maud learnt to return the love he now knew was stirred in his own heart, was it likely that she would share his enthusiasm, join her life to his in a career which was the exact opposite of everything she had done and experienced before?

No; Ainslie knew that it was not probable.

Mr. Garrison had plainly intimated to the doctor, even when he was a guest in his house, that he would certainly not regard him at all favourably, if he turned his attention towards his daughter. Garrison was

not a man given to beat about the bush or to mince his words. Ainslie read opposition in his eye almost before there was anything to oppose.

That did not frighten him, however, in the least. The other problem, how to reconcile his scheme of life with Maud's wishes, presented a much greater difficulty.

As he drew up at his own door the ragged figure of a boy of fourteen appeared. Ainslie knew the messenger and guessed the message.

"What is it, Sammy?"

"Bob's worse—thinks he's dying—wants to see you." The sentences were jerked out rather than spoken.

"Jump in," the doctor directed.

Sammy Flint, with awestruck eyes in his narrow, pinched face, did as he was bid. It was the first time he had ever been in a motor, and no doubt he thought he carried his life in his hands, but Ainslie's commands were law in the slums of Hagley Row.

"Drive to Fenner's Court," Ainslie directed his chauffeur.



"Bob's eyes travelled from Ainslie to his mother"—p. 954.

Three or four minutes brought them to their destination. The doctor dismissed the carriage, with an intimation that he would walk home.

"Been waiting long, Sammy?"

"Two or three hours."

Ainslie felt in his pocket and produced a half-crown. He held it up to the lad.

"Is that for me?" The sharp eyes glistened with excitement.

"Yes."

"Gosh!" Sammy touched his hair, a lock of which obtruded from his cap, took the coin, spat on it, and then put it in his pocket.

It was his way of expressing astonishment and satisfaction. Probably he had never handled a half-crown in his life before.

Ainslie ran upstairs.

Mrs. Dawson was trying to feed Robert from an eggspoon with some jelly which had been sent from the Mission. She stepped on one side to allow Ainslie to pass to the bed head.

"Mr. Farrow and Dr. Gordon Smith have both been here together; they left about an hour ago."

She nodded meaningly towards the dying man. The latter turned over and fixed Ainslie with his eyes, large, clear, and lustrous.

"I am glad you have come—I have been wanting you."

"I am only just back, or I should have been here before."

"I know."

Words failed. The laboured breathing filled the attic. Bob's eyes travelled from Ainslie to his mother, and back again from his mother to the doctor, both of whom were kneeling by the bed.

Ainslie interpreted the glance.

"Do not be afraid," he said. "I will look after her. She will be a help to me. I want a caretaker for my convalescent home."

Mrs. Dawson threw her apron over her eyes and went out of the room on to the landing, closing the door behind her.

The moment of parting was near. She thought she had discounted the bitterness of it, but no forecast is ever quite the same as the reality.

Bob beckoned to the doctor to come a little closer.

"You have—given me—just—everything—life—and faith—and now—her!"

Ainslie went to the door. Mrs. Dawson, sobbing, had her back towards him. He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Come," he said; "he is very happy—happier than he ever has been."

Ainslie took her gnarled hand and led her into the room again. They went to the bedside and knelt down again.

Not a word was spoken for some minutes. Then Ainslie rose; he went down to the next landing and fetched Sam's mother, Mrs. Flint, a woman who had learnt sympathy in the school of sorrow.

"Go to her," Ainslie said; "she wants you." He pressed a sovereign into her hand. "See that she wants for nothing. I will come again first thing in the morning."

"Bob's gone?" she inquired laconically.

"Yes," Ainslie answered. His voice was husky; there were tears at the back of it—the unshed tears of the strong man.

"Poor soul!"

"Happy soul!" Ainslie answered.

"Thanks to you, doctor."

"Nay, not to me, but to the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"You brought it to him, sir."

Ainslie turned away and went down the rickety stairs. He walked home slowly, occasionally answering the salutation of a policeman, hardly knowing that he did so. He was tired.

The depression of Hagley Row weighed on his spirits; he seemed to feel its corporal burden heavy on his shoulders—the want, the sorrow, the sickness, the hungry bodies, and the comfortless souls of that teeming life.

Sleep, merciful sleep, was on them now, while he walked along, the man who had given his life to try to help them, and found, sometimes, the hopelessness of it almost more than he could bear.

He reached his own door, took off his hat, letting the cold night wind play on his forehead.

The great clock of St. Margaret's chimed the hour; then it struck three. The sweet tones came as a message of rest to his spirit; they spoke of faith, of hope, of peace, of ultimate victory!

Robert Dawson was buried with a "walking funeral." The cemetery was only half a mile from the centre of Hagley Row. The hour fixed was one o'clock. Mrs. Dawson,

supported by a brother older than herself, was the chief mourner; Horace Ainslie walked next, alone; behind him followed the whole of Fenner's Court.

The men were out from the works, and the streets were lined with people. The funeral evoked universal sympathy, and was accorded those signs of respect which the working people of England so well know how to convey.

Just as the procession passed the works, Mr. Gerrison's private motor was drawn up waiting for the manufacturer. He came out accompanied by Mr. King, his manager, with whom he had been transacting business in the commodious office which flanked the great yard on one side. Seeing what was happening, the conversation was immediately stopped, and the two gentlemen removed their hats.

Directly the funeral party had passed out of sight, the crowd in the street cleared off to get their dinner over before the bells and hooters of the various works announced the beginning of the afternoon's labour.

"Whose funeral was that?" Mr. Gerrison inquired.

"A young fellow named Robert Dawson," Mr. King answered.

"Why did it cause so much stir?"

"Dr. Ainslie saved his life at the risk of his own," Mr. King then related all the circumstances.

Mr. Gerrison listened attentively; the personality of Ainslie interested him in spite of himself.

"The doctor seems to know the right way to popularity," Mr. Gerrison remarked, half sarcastically.

"Yes; he gets it, too, perhaps because he does not care twopence about it."

"Don't tell me."

"I should not say it if I was not quite sure, sir." Mr. King was known for his independence. "I suppose you have heard the last report?" he went on.

"What report?" Mr. Gerrison turned on the manager sharply; he recognised by his tone that he was speaking of something important.

"You know, of course, that Mr. Main-price has been unconscious for the past twenty-four hours. The news of his death may now come at any moment."

"Yes; that was in all the papers this morning," Mr. Gerrison replied shortly.

"I hear that strong pressure is to be brought on Dr. Ainslie to stand for the constituency."

"What! Against me?"

"Not intentionally, but to bring his ideas before Parliament."

"What nonsense! Do you think he stands the ghost of a chance, King?"

The manager looked thoughtfully up and down the street. He pictured it full, as it had been a few minutes ago, of men in their shirt-sleeves, women and children behind them. After a pause, he answered:

"I believe Hagley Row would go pretty solid for Dr. Ainslie, and give him anything he wanted."

Mr. Gerrison flushed. He placed great dependence on Mr. King's opinion and his intimate knowledge of the locality. The manager lived in one of the few good houses on the outskirts of Hagley Row.

Although no vacancy had technically occurred, Mr. Gerrison was already committed to enter the lists. All the organisation was ready and the machinery in order.

"You think Ainslie will agree?"

"I am not sure. I think he is pulled in two opposite directions. What he is doing takes up all his time and strength. To add parliamentary duties might be the last straw which would break the camel's back."

"I should certainly advise the camel to avoid them," Mr. Gerrison commented, with a grim smile. "In my opinion, the last thing that is wanted is a crank in Parliament. The other members vote him a fool or a bore."

"I don't fancy Ainslie would be placed in either category."

"You seem an enthusiast, King."

"If I am, it is almost against my will. I was prejudiced at first the other way; but there is a rugged strength about the man, a straightforward honesty. These qualities carry all before them."

Gerrison signalled to his chauffeur, stepped into the motor, and drove away.

Half-way home he saw a boy running along with a bundle of evening papers. He stopped the motor to buy one. Something told him that there would be news in it of interest to himself. The premonition was correct. Large headlines announced the death of the member for Hagley Row.

[END OF CHAPTER NINE.]



SOME CELEBRATED ORGANISTS OF THE DAY

By H. F. NICHOLLS, A.R.C.O.

LEADERS of Church worship—clergy-men and ministers—are ever in the public eye, and the popular preacher is interviewed and paragraphed until we are familiar with his personality, peculiarities, and private life. After all, the preacher does not contribute the whole of the worship of the church, and often we receive comfort and help as much from the sweet music of the sanctuary as from the words of the preacher.

The object of this article is to give a few particulars about some of the greatest of those who, by their manipulation of the organ, and their training of the choir, contribute in no small degree to the worship in our churches.

Let us start with one of our most distinguished present-day organists—SIR WALTER PARRATT, M.V.O., Mus.Doc., of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The services of this skilled musician are constantly in demand for opening

important organs in different parts of the country, and for recital purposes generally. Gifted with a remarkable memory and a fine execution, Sir Walter is well able to display the possibilities of any instrument, and to this must be added the powers of expression and intuition which mark the real musician. The services at St. George's are well known for their quality

and effectiveness, and all those who come in contact with the "Master of the King's Music" are inspired by his enthusiasm and musicianly skill. Sir Walter leads a busy life, as, in addition to his church work, he is Professor of the Organ at the Royal College of Music, where many well-known organists have had the advantage of his tuition, and was chosen to succeed Sir Hubert Parry as Professor of Music at Oxford University. The Royal College of Organists also claims him as their President, and the various musical



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

SIR WALTER PARRATT GIVING A LESSON AT THE ORGAN, ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

functions at the Court are under his control. Sir Walter Parratt has an attractive personality and genial disposition, and outside his musical activities finds pleasure in playing chess, in which he also displays much ingenuity and skill.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, M.V.O., M.A., Mus.Doc., of Westminster Abbey, is one of the best-known musicians of the day, and is notable for the versatility of his gifts in the various departments of musical life and work. As organist and master of the choristers at the Abbey he has been called upon to fulfil many important duties, the most prominent of which was the conduct of the music at the King's Coronation. The music in this venerable building has always been of a high order, and the best traditions of our Church music are well maintained. Sir Frederick has done much to encourage good organ playing, and his influence at the Royal College of Organists, of which he is a past President, has been very marked. Some organists of the day are perhaps rather one-sided in their work, but the Abbey organist is a brilliant exception to this. As Professor at London University and Gresham College, Conductor of the Royal Choral Society, Chairman of the Board of Trinity College of Music, teacher, lecturer, and composer, Sir Frederick Bridge has



(Photo: Campbell-Gray, Edgware Road, W.)

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.

shown himself a man of many parts and well able to fulfil these multifarious duties. Sir Frederick is also a renowned humorist, and is well known in public and private life for his wit and wisdom. A man of genial disposition, boundless energy, and indomitable perseverance, he may well be a worthy example for our young organists to emulate.

St. Paul's Cathedral is a well-known landmark in the great metropolis, and it is fitting that its musician-in-chief should be a man of sterling quality and eminent musical gifts. SIR GEORGE MARTIN, M.V.O., Mus.Doc., was appointed organist in the year 1888, in succession to Sir John Stainer. The music in this stately pile had been gradually raised to a high level during the time of Attwood, Goss, and Stainer, especially the latter, and under the control of Sir George Martin this has been well continued, and is to-day fully worthy of our premier cathedral. Many important musical functions and services have been held from time to time, notably the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee service, when Sir George conducted the musical arrangements with great care and judgment. The organ is a fine specimen of the builder's art, and its noble tone is well heard in solo pieces and accompaniments through the skill of the master hand



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

SIR GEORGE MARTIN AT THE ORGAN, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

at the keyboard. Sir George Martin is a man of retiring disposition, but is doing good work for the art of organ playing, and as a Church composer and arranger of much organ music has proved himself a highly cultured musician.

The name of DR. A. L. PEACE, both as Church organist and recitalist, is a prominent one, and many organ lovers journey to St. George's Hall, Liverpool, to hear this capable and brilliant performer. Dr. Peace was born in Huddersfield, and was something of a musical prodigy, as quite early in life he showed special musical aptitude. He was appointed organist of the parish church of Holmfirth at the early age of nine years, and so began his musical career. After filling several other appointments near home he went to Glasgow in 1865, and was successively organist of Trinity Congregational Church, St. John's Episcopal Church, Maxwell parish church, and Hillhead parish church. In 1879 he was appointed to Glasgow Cathedral, where he remained till 1897, when he succeeded

Mr. W. T. Best at Liverpool. Dr. Peace did excellent organ work in Glasgow and district, his recitals doing much to break down the Scotch prejudice against the organ, and being in every way both entertaining and educative. A man of bright temperament, keenness of purpose, and unbounded enthusiasm, he has made many friends and done much for the art of music, of which he is so able an exponent. His name has proved a tempting bait to the punster, and in this connection it is said that the late Rev. A. K. H. Boyd stated that he would never think of giving out the hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace," to be sung

in Glasgow Cathedral, because the eminent organist would be sure to take it as a personal compliment.

An organist of considerable repute is found in the person of MR. GEORGE RISELEY, who is Bristol's most prominent and capable musician. A previous chorister in the cathedral, and for many years its organist, Mr. Riseley has taken an important part in this department of musical effort, but it is at the Colston Hall, where a fine organ is installed, that his principal work has been

done and his influence upon the various musical organisations most strongly felt. Those who have attended any of the performances of this eminent recitalist can testify to his complete mastery of the instrument and to a rare and keen judgment in interpreting various compositions. This has been attained by much careful study and practice, and no point of detail, whether in the composition or organ registering, is ever overlooked. Mr. Riseley is also well known as a celebrated conductor, and for many years



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

MR. GEORGE RISELEY AT COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL.

has controlled the destinies of various musical organisations. Among these may be mentioned the Orpheus Society, Bristol Choral Society, Instrumentalists' Society, and notably the Triennial Festival, which of late years has been placed under his care with conspicuous success. The knowledge thus obtained of the orchestra and its possibilities has undoubtedly been of great help to him in his organ recital work. Mr. Riseley has attained to his present position through much hard work and indomitable perseverance, and has done much to foster the love of good music in this city of the West.



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

DR. PEACE AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

The last name to be mentioned in this brief article is by no means the least worthy, as MR. ALFRED HOLLINS, the celebrated blind organist, is a man of exceptional gifts, both in memory and execution, though deprived of such an important faculty. Yorkshire has produced many distinguished organists, including Sir Walter Parratt and Dr. Peace, and it has the credit of producing Mr. Hollins, who was born in Hull in 1865. In tender years he showed much musical ability, and at the age of nine entered the Wilberforce Institution for the Blind at York, where he received musical training from Mr. William Barnby, a brother of the late Sir Joseph Barnby. Later on he was sent to the Royal Normal College at Upper Norwood, where he studied first the piano and afterwards the organ under Dr. E. J. Hopkins, of the Temple Church. In this latter subject he made rapid strides, and soon showed his preference and aptitude for the king of instruments. Mr. Hollins displayed special gifts for registering and stop combination, and his fine taste in that direction never failed him. The Principal of Norwood

College wished him to become a pianist, but, though Mr. Hollins excelled much in this direction, the organ was his favourite instrument. His first appointment was at St. John's, Redhill, Surrey, where he remained four years, and then passed to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Norwood, where nine happy years were spent. Following this, he proceeded to his present appointment at Free St. George's, Edinburgh, where he is held in high esteem for his personal worth and musical gifts. One important feature in Mr. Hollins' work is his marvellous memory, which has proved equal to any occasion, even to memorising the contents of various Hymnals and Psalters. Mr. Hollins has travelled far and wide as a recitalist, journeying as far as America, Australia, and South Africa, and always with much success ; indeed, the tour in this latter

country was a veritable triumph.

Many organists are familiar with this gifted musician through his own compositions, which are all exceedingly effective and which are frequently to be found in recital programmes.



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

MR. ALFRED HOLLINS, THE BLIND ORGANIST, AT ST. GEORGE'S UNITED FREE CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

Jim the Baboon

A Complete Story

By BEATRICE ROSENTHAL

IT was the very day after mother and Evie had started for Switzerland that I came down to breakfast to find a letter from Cousin Barbara lying on the table awaiting me.

"Open it quick, Syb, and I'll make the coffee!" cried Stella, my youngest sister. "Surely it isn't to say she's coming."

"A downright sell if it is," declared Ted, commencing on his porridge.

"You know what mother said before she left," I reminded them as I broke the seal, or rather big dab of purple wax, with which it is Cousin Barbara's habit to adorn her envelopes.

"Our relative on the maternal side," began Robin in what we call his octogenarian manner.

"Shut up!" said Ted. "Read it out, Sybil."

The letter was as follows:—

"2, Toadley Villas,
South Brickham Hill.
Sept. 28th.

"MY DEAR SYBILLA,

"Your mother and sister have now started on their journey to the Swiss mountains, where I trust that the health-giving atmosphere may prove beneficial to Evelyn, and that after a brief sojourn all pulmonary symptoms may disappear. I suggested to your mother that I might pay you a visit during her absence from home, and accordingly propose coming on Thursday next.

"I understand that your brother Edward is home on leave from South Africa at the present time. I trust that on this occasion he has brought no reptiles with him. Tell him that I shall never forget the fright I sustained when staying with you two years ago on the occasion of his last visit to England, and a recent occurrence in this very neighbourhood has made me even more strongly of opinion that wild, undomesticated creatures ought not to be introduced into a civilised country in the casual manner they seem

to be. I trust Edward has no dangerous pets this time. If I do not hear from you to the contrary, you may expect me on Thursday by the train arriving 4.45 at Kingsworth Junction, where, no doubt, one of you will meet me.

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"BARBARA SYBILLA CHEWSTER."

"P.S.—I should prefer the second spare room—the one with the blue linen blind, and am taking a special tonic cocoa for breakfast, which I will bring with me, and instruct Ann how to prepare. Be sure to give Edward my message."

We all laughed as I put down the letter.

"And the poor little snake was perfectly harmless. That was the joke of it," Ted roared. "Shall you ever forget her yell as he popped his head out of the drawer? Poor little chappie, he didn't survive the shock. She's not given us long notice—tomorrow's Thursday. Syb, you'd better send her a wire to say no reptiles on the premises. It'll set her mind at rest."

"I think I had better," I said.

"But what about Jim?" asked Robin.

"Is that how they teach you natural history, young 'un?" said Ted. "When I went to school I learned that members of the simian family were quadrupeds."

"You know that all animals, except her own little dog, get on her nerves," said Stella, pouring out the coffee. "And the letter says 'wild creatures.' I call Jim a 'wild creature,' don't you, Sybil?"

"Oh, rot," broke in Ted before I could speak. "Jim's safe enough locked up in the coach-house; she won't even dream of his existence. Or let Sybil write off at once and tell her I've brought home a playful baboon, and stop her coming. Bright scheme!"

I reflected. Cousin Barbara Chewster, as we all called her, was a distant cousin of mother's. She was an elderly widow lady, with somewhat old-fashioned ways, but since father's death she had been very good to mother and all of us. It was she

who was paying for Evie to go to Davos Platz, where the doctors had ordered her. Mother had told me to be sure to arrange everything nicely for Cousin Barbara, if she wanted to come, and I felt we ought not to put her off if it could possibly be helped; though, of course, with Ted at home, and Robin too, for the holidays, we should have had a very much jollier time by ourselves.

Ted, my elder brother, an engineer in Cape Colony, was on leave for a couple of months. He was an ardent naturalist, and had a way of bringing back live specimens of a somewhat embarrassing nature. The last time he was at home it had been a green snake, which he carried about in his pocket. The creature was nearly a yard long, and "scarifying" to look at, as Ann, our old cook, said. But Ted assured us it was as harmless as a kitten. One afternoon he had happened to slip it into mother's work cabinet in the drawing-room, and, as luck would have it, Cousin Barbara, then staying with us, was the first person to go there to look for coloured cotton.

The baboon he had brought over on this occasion was going to the Public Gardens at Kingsworth as soon as they had built a house for it. Ted called it a beauty, but the rest of us agreed in thinking it the most hideous animal we had ever seen. Its likeness to humanity was as grotesque as a nightmare. It had enormously long

arms of fearful strength, and a huge puffy face, framed in a mane of shaggy hair.

Ted seemed to understand the peculiar sounds it made, and had quite a wonderful way of controlling it. He kept it in the coach-house, a long chain attached to its collar made fast to a staple in the wall. Stella and I used to go in there sometimes to watch him feed it, and take offerings of bananas and an occasional egg, which Jim would store away in the pouch in his mouth, and bring out afterwards and crack and suck. Ted used to declare that his fierceness was all play, he was very good-humoured really. But, as Richards, our gardener, said, "he was a rum sort o' hobby."

"I think it would be very awkward to put Cousin Barbara off, as she seems to want to come," I said, and we held a family council over the marmalade.

"Couldn't Jim be sent away somewhere for the time?" suggested Stella. This

seemed a good notion, and after a little arguing Ted came round to it.

"Might ask the Sparrows at Hill Farm to let him be in one of their out-buildings. It'll be a regular fag though, going up there to look after him," he grumbled.

However, as soon as the meal was finished he and Robin went up to Hill Farm, and returned to say that old Mr. Sparrow was away, but that Will Sparrow saw no objection to lodging the baboon for a few days.



"She came into the room in her white lisse cap and dress of stiff figured black silk"—p. 962.

So they went out to find Richards and make arrangements for Jim to shift his quarters without delay, while Stella and I went to help Emma prepare the second spare room for Cousin Barbara.

II

THE following afternoon the boys drove the trap down to the station to meet the 4.45 train. As soon as she arrived Cousin Barbara went upstairs to unpack and "settle" herself straight away, as was her custom when she paid a visit. I took some tea up to her in her bedroom, and she despatched me for Ann, to give her a lesson in making the cocoa.

Just before the gong sounded for supper, she came into the drawing-room in her white lisse cap, and dress of stiff figured black silk, her gold chain twisted several times round her neck, and fastened at the throat with the massively mounted yellow topaz brooch that we could all remember from the time we were babies.

"I think I mentioned in my letter a something that happened the other day at Brickham," she said, after we had taken our places at the table. "Sybilla, my dear"—I was her namesake, and god-daughter, and she always called me Sybilla, though nobody else did—"are you quite positive that Ann boiled this water ten minutes by the clock before adding the lemon syrup to it? It takes quite that time to destroy the germs. I was saying—"

"You were going to relate a recent episode in your neighbourhood," said Ted gravely, but with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, indeed," continued Cousin Barbara, "and a dreadful occurrence it was. I believe it was reported in the papers. It was on a Sunday evening—let me see, it must have been quite a month ago—how the time flies!—the evening service was over, and Mr. Brown, our senior churchwarden—such an excellent man—had just gone home after counting the collection, and was sitting down to supper with his wife and her sister, Miss Bantam, who has come to live with them lately, and joined my sewing party. As I said, they were beginning supper, just as we are now, when they heard a sort of scrunching in the road outside. It is a

quiet road running parallel to mine. Mr. Brown got up and lifted the blind—and what do you think it was?" She broke off dramatically, and looked round at us. "My dears, an elephant!"

"It is no laughing matter, an elephant loose in a respectable suburban neighbourhood," she said severely, as we simply exploded. "And on Sunday night of all nights, when there are not many police about. What happened? Well, the people next door had a watchman's rattle, only unfortunately it rather excited the elephant before assistance came. It took five constables besides his keepers to secure him—the monster had escaped from a travelling menagerie. Two poor men had to be taken to the hospital—and such frightful damage besides! Three lamp-posts knocked down, and I don't know how much iron railing, and the poor Browns' grass-plot and shrubs trampled to pieces. They got compensation out of the circus people, but that doesn't make up for all the alarm and upset. I am so thankful it wasn't my road. It is a disgrace to the country that such things happen. If I were to take poor little Jip abroad, he would have to be in quarantine six months before I could bring him back to Brickham, but all sorts of ferocious creatures are allowed to come over with impunity."

Ted gave a wink, and Stella kicked me under the table. I felt very thankful we had got rid of Jim.

III

BUT my self-congratulations were short-lived. The next morning I had just finished dressing, and was opening my window before going down, when there came a tap at the door.

"May I come in?" and Robin's round head appeared. "Oh, Syb, what do you think? The baboon's come back. It's true," he asserted, in answer to my exclamations of dismay at such unwelcome tidings. "Ted got a message from the Farm before seven this morning to say old Spurrow had come home late last night. He's bought a quantity of wood at a sale, and wants all his space for storing it—at least that's what he says—so Ted had to go up there to fetch Jim home; he's

just fixing him up again in the coach-house."

We both ran down to meet Ted coming in from the garden.

"I'm awfully sorry, Syb," he began. "It's one of those unlucky things that can't be helped. He's locked up safe and sound, and there's no earthly reason the old girl need know anything at all——"

"Unless she happens to hear him scratching and tearing at his chain," said Stella, coming out of the dining-room. "It isn't at all unlikely. You know how she loves prowling about."

"I do wish I had written to tell her," I sighed.

"Look here. I'll tell you what I'll do," said Ted, sorry in his free-and-easy way at having landed us in this predicament. "I'll go straight off to Kingsworth Gardens now, and if the cage isn't ready I'll give 'em a hand with it myself, so don't you worry, you girls. We'll have him safe over there in no time and Cousin Barbara none the wiser. I'll be off at once. Ann got me a snack before I went to Spurrw's."

I could not help feeling a little relief in my mind when Cousin Barbara announced on coming down that she felt slight twinges of rheumatism, and in consequence of a coldish morning forbore to make the round of inspection that generally took place at the commencement of her visit. She settled down quite comfortably in the drawing-room with her knitting, and accepted Stella's offer to read the newspaper aloud. Robin went out to help Richards with the pony, fowls, and ducks that comprised our out-door family, and I set about household duties, heartened by a cheery letter from mother, and forgetting for the time the skeleton in the cupboard, or rather the baboon in the coach-house. I was weighing out sugar in the store-room with Ann's assistance, when suddenly Emma came flying in.

"Oh, Miss Sybil!" she panted. "'Ave you 'eard the big monkey's got out, and 'e's off down the garding!"

The large blue paper bag dropped out of Ann's arms to the floor with a "plop," the white cubes rolling about in all directions.

"Mercy on us!" she ejaculated, "and me cleaning the dresser, and all the best dinner-service took down, and the back

door wide open!" and she and Emma dashed off to the kitchen.

I heard Stella call me, and found her and Robin in the hall. He had got her out of the drawing-room on some pretext or other. They both looked scared.

"Oh, Syb!" and she clutched my arm half-crying. "Whatever shall we do?"

"Don't speak so loud," I gasped, thinking of Cousin Barbara placidly knitting on the other side of the drawing-room door. "Do you know how it happened?"

"Richards went into the coach-house to fetch something, and Jim made a bound, and the chain snapped, and he was out in a second," said Robin. "I've been helping Richards try to catch him with a running noose, but he won't let you get anywhere near him. He's at the end of the lawn now."

He sat down on the bottom stair and began mopping his face with a not over clean handkerchief. "A hot job," he remarked.

"What about Cousin Barbara?" whispered Stella.

"We must manage to keep it from her, somehow," I replied.

"I don't know how you're going to," put in Robin. "Why, any minute she may just happen to look out of the window and see him careering around."

It was an awful thought. We looked at each other in desperation.

"I'll tell you what," said Robin at last. "Go and put the shutters up, say the window wants cleaning—you know the water comes through a little at the sides when Richards does it—and I'll go and get the syringe and pail."

It was the only device we could think of.

"You aren't afraid of the baboon?" I asked him, as we opened the front door just wide enough for him to squeeze through.

"Rather not," he said stoutly. "I don't believe he'll do any harm, you know; he's just jolly glad to be free. Won't he be sick, though, when Richards gets the rope over his head? I'll come in and tell you the minute he's caught."

We breathed a fervent hope that that minute would speedily arrive, and went to face Cousin Barbara.

"I have always thought this a very badly built house," she said, glancing over her spectacles, as we explained about the window, feeling guiltily sure she must

discover something was wrong from our looks. "Certainly close the shutters, and perhaps I had better move my chair—the damp always affects my rheumatism. Yes, you can light a candle, Stella, but I really can see to do this work with my eyes shut."

We sat down in the semi-darkness, listening to the sound of the syringe as Robin plied it, the trickling of the water down the panes, and Cousin Barbara counting her stitches unsuspectingly. The clock on the mantelpiece seemed to tick more slowly and loudly than ever. I felt perfectly sick with dread at the thought of what might happen, and only wished we had not let Ted go to Kingsworth.

"Richards is not at all quick with his work," observed Cousin Barbara at length. "Rather lackadaisical, I consider."

Neither Stella nor I ventured to inform her that Robin was window-cleaner and the subject of her criticism baboon-stalking over the garden.

"You seem very silent and abstracted, you two," she remarked again presently. "What was that? Hark!"

It was a regular commotion outside the window. We could hear the shouting of several voices mingled with a hissing and

snarling that sent cold shivers down our backs.

"There must be something serious the matter," and Cousin Barbara got up, and went to open the shutters.

Stella and I could endure it no longer, and fled from the room just as Robin came dashing down the passage.

"Look out!" he cried. "He's climbing the ivy on the porch. Came at me, and I squirted him in the face. The staircase window's open!"

We tore upstairs, all three, Richards in the rear. It was a mad race for the window, and the baboon won. We saw his lithe arms lift the sash higher, in horribly human fashion, and in another instant the great hairy body swung over the sill. Down we rushed pell-mell, to see Cousin Barbara and the servants on the threshold of the drawing-room.

"What is this?" she indignantly exclaimed. "And I most particularly inquired whether Edward had any dangerous pets! I consider it exceedingly wrong of you all to have kept me in the dark in this manner. I am going to my room at once, and shall stay there till the horrid creature has been properly secured. A wild baboon let loose in the garden!" and she began to ascend the stairs.

"He's not in the garden, he's in the house!" yelled Robin, desperately tugging her back. "Look there!"

Above us, staring down, an expression of fiendish mischief on his face, was Jim.

Ann and Emma set up a simultaneous screech that no wild animal could have surpassed, and went off into hysterics, tumbling into each other's arms.

The noise



"Caught her by the waist and spun her round and round in his powerful arms, as though they were waltzing together."

seemed to attract the baboon. Hand over hand he slid down the banisters with marvellous rapidity, and before Cousin Barbara had time to get out of the way caught her by the waist, and spun her round and round in his powerful arms, as though they were waltzing together. Her cap, knitting, and spectacles flew in all directions. We tried to pull her away by her skirts, Robin and Richards made frantic efforts to lasso the baboon, and the maids kept up a chorus of shrieks. It must have looked funny, but it was simply ghastly while it lasted.

Suddenly Jim let go of her and capered up the stairs again. Cousin Barbara fell up against the wall. She was not hurt, but all the breath was danced out of her. I got a jug of water from the dining-room, and we sprinkled her with it, and when she began to revive a little Robin soused the maids with the rest.

IV

THIS is how things were when Minns, our local policeman, appeared on the scene with the baker's man, who, on getting no answer at the back-door had come round to the front, where the extraordinary sounds he heard made him suspect that something was wrong. They went up after Richards to the first landing, where the baboon was evidently engaged upon a voyage of discovery.

Suddenly there was the loud bang of a door; the men gave a shout, and Minns came running back.

"We've got 'im shut in!" he announced excitedly. "Up the three little stairs——"

"My room!" came the voice of Cousin Barbara.

"It'll be a question of a ladder out-



"She bade Stella and me the briefest of good-byes, and told us she would write to mother"—p. 966.

side and ropes through the winder," said Minns.

He and the baker's man went out to prospect. Cousin Barbara insisted on tottering up the stairs; the rest of us followed and made a semicircle round the door of the second spare room. Judging by the noises inside, Jim was having a lively time of it. We could hear his impish chuckles amid the creaking of the wardrobe doors, and the chink and rattle of the things on the dressing-table.

Robin squatted on the mat and put his eye to the keyhole.

"What is happening?" demanded Cousin Barbara in hollow accents. "I insist on knowing."

"He seems to be trying on your clothes," Robin stammered, and as he said the words there was the unmistakable rip of silk.

"Let me come," I said bending over his shoulder, and he made way for me to see.

On the floor were the pillows from the bed

in a pool beside the broken water-jug. A bottle of boot-polish lay there smashed, too, its inky contents spattered over Cousin Barbara's ivory monogrammed hair-brushes and her best silk gown. The baboon, with her bonnet perched backwards on his head and a skirt of hers over his shoulders, stood before the dressing-table, grinning at himself in the glass. Then, as though the effect did not please him, he tore them off, flung them down with the rest of the things on the floor, and vaulted on to the bed, rolling himself over and over in the best eiderdown, tearing great shreds in the satin border with his claws. It was dreadful to watch the creature's destructive antics and realise how utterly helpless we were.

He sprang off the bed, and we could not see what he was doing; there was a moment's silence, then the crash of glass, and a tremendous spluttering. He had sampled some of Cousin Barbara's medicine, and seemed positively furious at the taste of it. He dashed the bottle down and jumped on it vengefully, cutting himself, for he gave vent to most horrible howls.

"It sounds as if the creecher was killing 'isself," wailed Ann. "I do wish Mr. Ted would come 'ome quick! 'E can do whatever 'e likes with 'im."

"We can't do nothink with this 'ere ladder, it ain't long enough," we heard Minns call above the din. "I'd better go to the station and fetch up the big one we've got there."

"Wait a minute," said Robin, springing up as an idea struck him. "Suppose you go and shut yourselves in the drawing-room, and I stand at the front door, and give Ted's whistle, and Richards opens this door—he might run down and right out of the house. He'll follow Ted, you know."

"Jes' like a dog," put in Richards.

"Anything is worth trying," said Cousin Barbara, and, rallying her forces, she led the retreat of the female contingent. Robin and the men carefully shut all the other doors before making the experiment.

In a minute or two we heard Robin's voice in a very fair imitation of Ted's. Again the whistle sounded. Again! A few seconds' tense waiting, a scamper, a howl, and the front door slammed with a loud—Hooray!

"Thank you, Robin," said Cousin Barbara as he let us out, flushed and triumphant at the success of the ruse.

She went straight to her bedroom, and took Ann with her to help rescue her possessions and pack for immediate departure. Not a word of explanation would she listen to from any one of us. We sat gloomily by the drawing-room window, wishing, in the fruitless way people do wish, when all the mischief is done, that we had prevented it by being, as Robin said, "straight" with Cousin Barbara.

Now that Jim was safely out of the house, we felt past caring what he did. However, his escapade upstairs seemed to have satisfied him; he climbed into one of the big hawthorn trees in the drive, where we could see him sitting, nursing his injured foot, Richards and Minns keeping guard below. Just before lunch-time Ted returned and fastened him up in the coach-house again, to the relief of everyone concerned.

Cousin Barbara allowed me to bring her a cup of the tonic cocoa, and said that Robin might come with her to the station. She bade Stella and me the briefest of good-byes, and told us she should write to mother. Her gowns, she said, were ruined, but she supposed she ought to be thankful she was alive after the way the creature had attacked her. As for Ted, she only hoped it would be a warning to him.

I think it was. He solemnly promised to bring back no more live specimens. He took Jim off that afternoon to Kingsworth, strongly roped in a covered waggon of the Spurrrows. He was considered a rare sort of baboon, and Ted said that they were immensely pleased to have him. We have never been to see him there, and, personally, I am not the least keen on doing so.

Cousin Barbara took no notice of our letter, telling her with sincerest regrets how it all happened. But when mother came home she wrote to her, saying that her nervous system had begun to recover a little from the shock, and she would be glad to know how Evie was getting on all alone at Davos. She also asked if Robin had any idea of what he would like to be. "He seems a youth with common sense and presence of mind, one it might be worth helping to make a start in life," she wrote.

"A dear, good, generous soul," said mother, folding up the letter. "We must have her here again, girls, as soon as she will come, and make it a really nice visit for her."



ONE SUMMER'S DAY
(By J. Galk.)



The HOME DEPARTMENT

Late Summer Preserving

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR**

THERE can be no question that the preserving of summer fruits is somewhat expensive, except for those fortunate housewives who can procure the requisite strawberries, raspberries, currants, etc., from their own gardens; therefore it is on the later season produce of the orchard that the economical woman must rely to fill her store-cupboard shelves with preserves and bottled fruits for winter use.

In many houses jams made from apples and plums are regarded chiefly as nursery and kitchen fare, but I hope to prove to my readers that there are several ways of utilising these fruits which enable them to occupy a distinguished place on the dining-room table. The necessary preparations are perhaps a little more elaborate than in the case when fruit and sugar are simply boiled together; but the result will, I am sure, amply repay the extra time and trouble expended.

I need hardly mention that the first essential in making preserves of any description is to ascertain that the fruit to be used is fresh and dry. When possible, it should be gathered with the morning sun shining on it, for it has then the most perfect flavour, and will keep in better condition than when gathered at other times. If the fruit has to be kept over-night, it should be placed in a very cool place—near ice, but not *on* it. The sugar used should be the best procurable; there is no economy in using inferior materials when making preserves.

Almost every cookery book contains recipes for making the ordinary plum, damson, and apple jams. I will, therefore, draw your attention to some less well-known means of preserving these fruits, and will commence with directions for

making Apple Ginger in two different ways.

First Method.—To every pound of golden pippins allow $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of water, 1 lb. of loaf sugar, and a few drops of essence of ginger. Pound the sugar and put it into the preserving pan with the water; when it comes to the boil skim and add the ginger. Let the syrup boil for a few minutes. Pare, core, and divide the apples, and lay them in the syrup. Boil quickly until the apples are clear, then carefully lift the pieces (this is best done with a delicately clean fish-slice), and lay them on a dish. Strain the syrup through a sieve into wide-mouthed jars, and when it is quite cold put in the apples and tie down closely.

Second Method.—To every 3 lb. of apples allow 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of loaf sugar, 4 oz. of the best white ginger, and the rind of a lemon. For this quantity 1 oz. of ginger and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water are required. This preserve takes three days to make. On the first, pare, core, and divide the apples into quarters, arrange them in layers with the sugar and ginger in a brown stone jar, and cover with a cloth. On the second day bruise the unused ounce of ginger, and pour $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of boiling water over it. Cover it immediately. On the third day put the contents of the brown jar and the water strained off the ginger into a preserving pan, and boil for about an hour or until the apples are clear and the syrup rich. Lift the apples carefully into wide-mouthed jars, and fill up with syrup, placing a piece of ginger and a thin strip of lemon peel at the top of each jar. Tie down. Apples prepared in this manner and arranged round whipped or moulded cream provide an unusual and dainty dish for a winter dinner or supper party.

Preserved Pears are somewhat of a novelty, and are a great improvement on the ordinary canned or bottled fruits. Jargonelle pears, not too ripe, are very good prepared as follows:—To every pound of pears (weighed after they have been peeled, halved, and cored) allow $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of loaf sugar, the peel of a small lemon, and a few Jordan almonds. Put the lemon peel, cut thin, and a very little water into a preserving-pan, add the pears and sugar, and stew very gently for about six hours. If necessary, add a few drops of cochineal to give a good colour to the fruit. Next arrange the pears in a glass jar, placing a blanched almond in the cavity made by the removal of the core, and pour the syrup over them. If tied down closely and stored in a cool, dry place, these pears will keep for several months.

Fruit Paste

This mixture is excellent for serving with blanchmanges, moulds of all kinds, milk, and plain suet puddings. It can also be eaten as a dessert sweetmeat. Allow 1 lb. of fine white sugar to each pound of fruit, and use the fruit in the following proportions: Two dozen pears, two dozen apples, and four dozen plums—Magnum bonums or Victorias are best. Stone the plums, pare, core, and divide the pears and apples, and place them in layers in a stone jar. Stand in a cool oven until they are sufficiently tender to press through a coarse sieve. Having extracted all the pulp, place it with the sugar in a preserving-pan, and cook over a moderate fire until the mixture is very firm. It will require stirring all the time. It is best to put the paste into jelly pots, so that it will turn out in a shape. That which is to be used for dessert may be kept in tiny fancy moulds; and, if liked, some of the kernels from the plum stones, or blanched almonds, can be added.

There are various methods of preserving damsons and plums for making into puddings and tarts during the winter months. I give two recipes. In one case the sugar is

included; in the other the fruit must be sweetened when used. Both processes are quite simple, but must be accurately carried out in every detail, or the fruit will not keep well.

To Bottle Fruit without Sugar.—Take as many quarts of fruit as are required, wide-mouthed glass bottles, new soft corks, and sealing-wax. The fruit should be ripe, but not *over* ripe. It must be carefully selected, and handled as little as possible. Remove the stalks, and reject any fruit that has the skin broken. The bottles must be spotlessly clean and absolutely dry. When all is in readiness, light a taper and let it burn in the bottle for a few seconds—to exhaust the air; then pack the fruit quickly in. Cork the bottle, and proceed with the others. When all are filled, stand them in a very cool oven for several hours, until the fruit has shrunk away one-fourth part. Take the bottles out of the oven, press the corks well in, and run sealing-wax over them. Store the bottles in a cool place.

To Bottle Fruit with Sugar.—The same preparations are necessary for this method as for that already given, with the addition of an allowance of $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of castor sugar to each quart bottle. Place the fruit in the bottle and sprinkle the sugar over it in layers. Put the corks in and stand the bottles in a large fish-kettle, filled up to the necks of the bottles with cold water. Put the fish-kettle on the stove, *not* directly over the fire, and let the water come very gradually to the boil. Simmer for half an hour. Draw the kettle to the coolest part of the stove, and let the bottles remain in the water until it is perfectly cold. See that the corks are tightly in and cover them with wax.

I may mention that glass bottles made especially for preserving fruit can be obtained at most large stores. They are to be had in several sizes and at various prices, and as they are fitted with glass tops time and labour in driving in corks and melting wax are saved. These bottles can be used over and over again, and the fruit keeps perfectly in them.

NOTE.—Mrs. St. Clair will be glad to answer queries on the subjects dealt with by her in this department. Letters should be addressed "Home Department," QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

The Fine Art of Cookery

By LINA ORMAN COOPER

IT is of comparatively late years that cookery has been raised to the rank of a fine art. Mr. Ruskin—that apostle of true culture—has had something to say to this. He has not only given us a wonderfully exact definition of the difference between manufacture, art, and fine art, but has even more directly raised this commonplace pursuit into very high regions. He considers a knowledge of cookery to imply a not inextensive acquaintance with most other things. I append his dictum:

"A knowledge of cookery means the knowledge of all herbs and fruits, and balms, and spices, and of all that is healing and sweet in fields, and groves, and savoury in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of our great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality; and, as you are to see imperatively that everybody has something pretty to put on, so you are to see, yet more imperatively, that everybody has something nice to eat."

Such a quotation raises immediately work done in the kitchen from the commonplace to the sublime. It also endorses Mrs. Willard's words: "Common tasks require all the force of a trained intellect to bear upon them," and shows how the meanest duty calls for sanctified common-sense.

I begin by giving a recipe absolutely necessary in the evolution of a good cook. Its ingredients are varied:

Take 1 lb. of patience,
16 oz. of promptness,
2 halves of precision,
4 quarters of perseverance,
1,000 grammes of special preparation.

Mix well with the ladle of common-sense, and bake with brains.

How frequently is the would-be student of this fine art—fine because both head and heart must take their share in it, as well as the skilful hand—repulsed by irritable "rule of thumb"! Enjoying, as I lately did, some extra good home-made bread in Ireland, I asked for directions, and was

met by the following vague answer: "Take two or three fistfuls of flour, a little salt, and less soda. Mix with buttermilk until of the right consistency, and bake till done." The two halves of precision were sadly wanting here, and so the next baking we partook of in the parlour was yellow and heavy as lead. "Bridget is uneven," quoth her mistress complacently. Now, if scales had found a place in my friend's kitchen, the bread would always have been equally good.

Cooks may be "grave and comely women," like those who served Tender Conscience in the Interpreter's house with a collation of figs, raisins and almonds, followed by herbs; but if their names be only "Good Resolution" and "Good Intention," respectively, they are of little worth in our household. We want Accuracy, Knowledge, and Science much more than either.

Cookery, pursued educationally—and "the education of girls should begin in learning how to cook"—must have clearly defined principles. One must know what is being aimed at before the most scientific method of obtaining such can be remembered. For instance, in boiling, our object is to retain juice, and not extract it. Hence we plunge meat into boiling water to seal outside pores and form an envelope round the joint. In roasting, we have the same end in view, and put a sirloin or saddle before a roaring fire. In each case—coats having once been made—we slacken heat and cook *slowly* till done through. Stewing, on the contrary, implies desire for juice extraction. We put our steak into cold water, and only let it simmer.

There is a strong reason underlying most culinary methods, even when not understood. If you ask ninety-nine cooks out of a hundred why they peel turnips thickly and potatoes thinly, why they scrape carrots or serve apple sauce with pork, they will not be able to tell you. Neither will they ponder the reason why pastry and cakes, made with baking powder, are spoiled if mixed an hour before being put into an oven. Yet, if cookery be raised to a fine, educational art, it is easy to show that poisonous elements—there is a poisonous element in

every root—in turnips is defined by a hair-line half an inch from the rind. We further discover that nourishment in carrot and parsnip lies in their powder-like cuticles; and that apple sauce, or any other acid, is a needful corrective to rich swine-flesh. Again—if I were training pupils in my particular College of Cookery—I should drop a pinch of baking powder or carbonate of soda into a tumblerful of water, deducing from the fact that it fizzes and bubbles a few seconds only that its operation must be *nil* in the cake if delay be experienced in placing the moist mass in the oven. By all means mix pastry, etc., beforehand, if wished, but only add raising material and fluid at the last moment.

I think every good housewife would endorse Miss Mason's words that "anything like trifling with health—whether vicious or careless—is of the nature of suicide, because life is held in trust from a supreme authority." Perhaps they do not equally realise that health is a duty, and that God has given us the work of preserving and nourishing our bodies for a definite end. The end is that we may be available and fit for any work the Lord our God may lay upon us. Now, the fine art we are studying has a vast importance in the economy of health. Without properly prepared food our bodies *must* languish more or less; yet it is useless to suppose we can prepare good dishes without proper appliances. We British housewives are too apt to think money ill spent if laid out in the many "notions" with which our American cousins make us familiar. I fear there is much ignorance and slothful indifference in our choice of household utensils. A laundress will break even her "cast-iron back with a hinge in it," and ruin her health, by scrubbing holes into the family clothes on a corrugated washboard, when a patent "washer" would do the work better and in half the time. A seamstress will give pounds for a machine with many little contrivances for hemming, gathering, felling or quilting. Then, because the use of such can only be learned by attention to detail, she will shut away all such helps in a drawer, boastfully following the old-fashioned, inaccurate plan of laboriously turning down and tacking.

Now, for due development of the fine art of cookery, we must have proper tools. Mincing—either of meat or for marmalade—*can*

be done with a knife. It is better and more economically done by machinery. Eggs may be beaten with a fork—even a silver one, as insisted on by our grandmothers—but they are better beaten by a twopenny whisk. Apples may be cored and pared by hand; there is much less waste if they be probed and peeled with a proper instrument. Economically, the same rule holds good. Why use a bag of coal, in heating a whole range-plate, in order to keep half a dozen saucepans boiling at once? Saucepans fitting one into another, tier upon tier, can be kept boiling over *one* aperture.

There are certain vessels which should find a place in the most humble kitchen. I refer to the fireproof casseroles which hail from France, Switzerland, and the Pyrenees. They can now be purchased at every co-operative stores in the kingdom, if not in every hardware shop. By use of these bright green, or red, or brown glazed pots food can be perfectly prepared at a minimum of time and cost. Most delicate confectionery or creams cannot be burned or tainted in them. Roasting, boiling, or stewing can be done in them, and they are no more expensive than common ironware. I append two of the simplest dishes we continually cook in them. A chicken, placed breast downwards, with just a modicum of butter to grease the casserole, closely covered and left to cook in its own juices, will emerge in half an hour most perfectly roast. Eggs, broken into another greased pan without a cover, are cooked *au plat* in two minutes. Compare the chicken with any fowl roasted in an oven, and the eggs to ordinary poached or fried ones, and you will never return to the old, laborious method of cooking.

Variety in food is very necessary to health. Even a modern housewife can scarce remember that

"Of hydrogen and oxygen,
A fair per cent. of fat,
Of hydro-carbo-gluten-starch
(Remember all of that),
A fair proportion must be found
In every meal each day,
For 'tis the only accurate
And hygienic way."

But she ought to know the relative value of red herring, say, and beefsteak. She may not serve curry frequently, but she should be acquainted with the fact that condiments are of extreme value in rendering food palatable, or stimulating, to a jaded

appetite. They also supply a necessary substance and assist in the preservation of food. For salt too much cannot be said. I could write a whole article upon its different uses in cuisine and pharmacy. Peppers and spices, too, are such important adjuncts to cookery that in early English history the "spicery" was a special department at Court, and had its proper officers.

A perfect knowledge of cookery includes careful garnishing and serving of meats. A good housewife should take as much pride in her decorations, spotless napery, and glittering plate as in well-dressed dishes and full storeroom. Ill-served, the best of food fails to prove appetising. We read in "The Pilgrim's Progress" of a certain feast whereof its principal guest bore record: "Sight of the cloths and trenchers begat a greater appetite than I had before." Surely we may conclude that the damask was clean, and the wooden dishes well scoured!

In Mr. Ruskin's words about cookery he speaks of "the economy of our great-grandmothers." But from a manuscript book in my possession dating from 1813, I scarcely think economy was spelt with a big E at the beginning of the nineteenth century. "A quart of custard, made with ten eggs and a pint of cream" as two of its ingredients, would be good, but certainly does not sound economical. "Almond cheese mixture," composed of eight ounces of almonds pounded with orange flower water, and blended with "six eggs beat very high," would fill our patties, but might empty some purses. "Lemon pudding," evolved from "the peel of three lemons, quarter of a pound of sugar and quarter of a pound of butter melted without water, beaten with the yolks of twelve eggs," can only be beaten for richness by one "Mrs. White's shape," for which we are told to "take the yolks of eighteen eggs well thrashed, half a pound of fresh butter, grated lemon rind, a large glass of white spirit and sugar to taste. Mix well, and bake for twenty minutes."

There is small praise due to a cook who can turn out rich puddings and sauces if there be an unlimited fowl-yard and dairy to back her up. But the best cooks are those who make a dinner from scraps, and never let a bit of fat or morsel of bread go to waste. Legs of mutton have been found in pig

buckets, but I have seen the most nourishing of soups made from a few bones, stale bread, and rind of bacon. High wages will not secure good cookery; but, once secured, no wages can be too high. The best reward in this domestic field of high art that can be desired by a housewife is that which the perfect economist of all time secured: "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

I should now like to tell you of some visitants we would do wisely to make welcome in our kitchens. First of all, "a grave and beautiful damsel called Discretion" may be a constant resident where this fine art is being successfully pursued. We shall never, then, follow the example of good Mrs. Pepys, that insignificant, much downtrodden wife of a naval secretary in the reign of the king who "never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one." She, poor soul, one day fed her quizzical husband at home in a garret, on "the remains of a turkey, in the dressing of which she burned her hand." The next day they "ate bread and cheese for dinner"; and on the third day—again in a garret—"got ready a very fine dinner—viz., a dish of marrow bones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen larks all of a dish, a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, a dish of prawns, and cheese"!

Mr. Honest must also be welcome in our kitchens, though he may possibly have originally come from the town of Stupidity. Hand in hand with him will probably be one Good Conscience. In the exercise of this fine art we shall never try to pass off things as something which they are not. Our "venison pasty" will never be "palpably mutton," though no Mr. Pepys stand by to say such subterfuge "is not handsome." Neither will our excellent stuffed gigot masquerade as "goose," nor graziers as chicken, as I have seen done. Let us strive to do as well as can be done all that we have to do. Greatness will be founded and involved in that single and honest effort.

One word of warning. Forgetful Green is a narrow passage leading to the Valley of Humiliation in cookery. If a cook possess no natural memory, she must keep a list of "requires." By this means only can a feast of things easy of digestion, pleasant

to the palate, and nourishing, be always forthcoming.

I have told of some folk who are always to be welcome to our house. I must now say, by way of addenda, that the brisk lad Ignorance must be strictly tabooed there. He always hails from the country of Conceit, and even if accompanied by his friend Vain Hope will certainly cause havoc in culinary matters if he is allowed to interfere at all.

Talkative, of Prating Row, is also a very sorry fellow to admit. He wastes time—that far more valuable commodity than groceries. He has no business with the cook.

Finally, my sisters, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do in your kitchens, do it with all your might. Then indeed will the dishes, and spoons, and covers, and bowls in our kitchens (or their modern equivalents), be overlaid with pure gold.



Aches and Pains of "Misery Martyrs"

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

A GREAT deal of unhappiness is caused by imaginary ills, by our anticipation of suffering, by the fears and worries, the anxieties and dreads and morbidities which are so much dependent on the physical and mental health of the individual. The "misery habit" is too often the result of some unsuspected physical ill, in the same way that ill-health of the body will follow on morbid mental processes and a pessimistic habit of mind. Physical and mental health react on each other, and it must be acknowledged that the persistent cultivation of healthy-mindedness will influence for good our bodily welfare.

Many people are martyrs to ill-health for years because they have lost a grip of their mental processes. They have discouraged optimism and deliberately invited moping, pining, self-pitying thoughts to absorb them. They are the irritable, nervous, worrying men and women who are subject to headache and nerves, whose aches and pains are real enough in spite of the fact that they might very easily be cured.

The cure rests more with themselves, however, than with their medical attendant. Drugs are practically useless; rest and diet are but palliative measures; their physical ills are due to no "organic" disease—that is, they are physically sound. It is a case for "mind curing," and if the miserable, headachey, melancholic man, the worrying woman, subject to neuralgia, to vague ills and pains which she would find it difficult to describe, could be made to realise the

true source of their aches, their cure would be half way to completion.

Because it rests with themselves. It means the exercise of will power, the determination to put morbid ideas aside; in simple language, to cultivate method and order in their daily work, a cheerful habit of mind and a healthy optimism. This simple truth underlies all the teaching of the new faith healing.

A quack doctor was once asked the secret of his success. "There is a fool born every minute," he replied, "and thank God some of them live!"

But it is one thing to say that evil and disease and death do not exist, and quite another to realise that it is our conception, our mental attitude to these facts, that makes them good or ill, and consequently renders us happy or the reverse. It is perhaps a platitude to say that we can use our misfortunes to achieve ultimate happiness by converting them into bracing and tonic measures so that their sting is removed. It may sound a little contradictory, but it simply means that things are evil or good by your own thoughts with regard to them; that if you refuse to brood and mope and worry, but bear cheerfully every one of life's disappointments and ills, the evil these can do you no longer exists.

It is at least a perfectly sound doctrine for the "misery martyrs" to adopt—the people whose aches and pains are entirely dependent on nerve strain. The deliberate adoption of this optimistic habit of mind

will relieve the strain to a miraculous extent. The worry habit gives place to the cheerful habit, and the tired-out nervous system "relaxes," the headache due to strain and tension ceases to appear. Most of us spend so much time in this unnecessary worry and "stren" that we waste valuable time and energy which could be utilised to get through our work more easily if we would but determine to stop worrying.

If nerve strain is the first great cause of aches and pains, defective eyesight is the second. Many people suffer for years from headache due to an unsuspected error of vision which could very easily be cured by procuring suitable glasses. These people may have "excellent sight," as they assert, but at the same time a very slight degree of astigmatism or of long sight is the real cause of their headaches. The strain of constantly focusing objects causes fatigue and pain even when there seems to be no difficulty in seeing things clearly.

If your headaches are worse after using the eyes for reading, writing or sewing, if they are always better in the morning when the eyes have had eight or ten hours' complete rest, suspect eye strain as the cause of your aches and pains. It is not too much to say that if every person suffering from constant headache would go to an oculist and have the eyes tested, and any error of refraction corrected by suitable glasses, fifty per cent. of headache martyrs would very soon be cured.

If neither "nerves" nor "eyes" can be proved to be at fault, ask yourself next if disordered digestion will account for your aches and pains. Indigestion, from lack of exercise, erratic eating, heavy meals, or bad teeth, accounts for a large number of headaches, for the backaches of disordered liver, and the many aches and pains of bile poisoned blood.

Disorders of digestion from over-eating, or its opposite condition, semi-starvation, is the starting point of most of the ills of the flesh. The headaches are curable, but not by drugs and stimulants, strong tea, or coffee. Such methods kill the pain, which is in reality a blessing in disguise, in that it serves as Nature's warning that there is something the matter. Pain is always protective, and to kill the pain is not removing the cause of the disease, not curing in any sense of the word.

The digestive headache is of the "throbbing" variety, because it is associated with high blood pressure due to the presence of poisons in the blood. What is the origin of the poisons? They come from disordered or incomplete digestion in the stomach and bowels, and the reason why a purgative relieves this type of headache is because the system gets rid of the poisons for the time being. But they very soon form again, unless by dieting, exercise, regular meals, and careful chewing, the indigestion is radically treated. Three simple meals a day—no early morning tea, snacks, or afternoon tea—and plenty of outdoor exercise will go far to cure this type of headache.

Neuralgia is a pain in a nerve generally of a more acute order than the ordinary everyday headache. It may be due to anæmia, as in the case of business girls who are run down, and whose nerves are being ill-nourished with poor, watery blood. Dieting in the sense of taking regular meals of nourishing, easily digested food, combined with plenty of fresh air and exercise, is the best method of curing neuralgia of anæmic origin.

Neuralgia is always most evident in those who are subject to it when the health is low; so whatever the cause may be, attention to the general health will make all the difference to the ultimate result. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that there may be a local cause of neuralgic pains, such as eye strain, which we have already considered, or a decayed tooth. So that if you have constant neuralgia, and are not anæmic, rheumatic nor suffering from nerve strain, go to a dentist and have your teeth examined. Remember that the teeth may seem perfectly sound, and yet on pressure of each tooth separately one or more may be acutely sensitive, because there is inflammation of the pulp inside the tooth.

Whether aches and pains are due to local causes or to depression of the general health from nerves or dyspepsia, or other ailments, the systematic cultivation of healthy-mindedness will help considerably in their alleviation. A large number of people would be healthier and happier if they would determine to find out the cause of their aches, and remove it when possible. When the cause cannot be removed, a healthy-minded attitude, a cheerful habit of thought, will go far to minimise their ills.



GATHERING BLACKBERRIES.
(By Gertrude A. Steel.)

One of the Least

A Story for Children

By F. J. CROSS

"LOOK at yourself! Oh, do look at yourself! What a sight you are!"

I certainly felt a little ashamed of my condition as I looked in the mirror and caught sight of the dilapidated figure that was my present self. My new straw hat was bent and blackened; my face was grimy where a dirty hand had rested against it; I was hot and dewy; my coat looked as if it had come out of a secondhand clothes shop—in fact, I looked as disreputable as a young man in his best possibly could.

Harry Westall and his sister exploded with laughter, renewed again and again as they regarded my extraordinary appearance.

No doubt I had been to blame in yielding to an impulse, and I felt awkward and uncomfortable. But perhaps there was something to be said on the other side.

We three had walked out from the beautiful seaside town where we lived, on a perfect June morning, into a country bright with the promise of early summer. We had gathered lovely bunches of wild roses, and were now returning merry and light-hearted to our homes. Often and often had we three walked together, but never had the way seemed so bright as on this warm, sunny morning.

A turning in the road brought us face to face with a sorry sight. Sitting under the hedge on a heap of stones was a little urchin weeping silently. His face was very dirty, except where the tears had washed a clean channel, and his clothes were very ragged. He was indeed a picture of misery. One leg was shorter than the other, and he had a hump on his back. His boots were mere bits of leather loosely held together. Well, it did not concern us. A crying child is a frequent sight, and we hurried past. But ere I had moved a dozen paces I found something had gone to my heart in the pathetic sobbing I had heard in passing, and I turned back to find out the cause of the child's grief.

Amid frequent sobs he told me how Jack, Bob, and he—Tommy—had come out from

the town to look for flowers; how he had got tired out and footsore; how the others had gone into the copse, saying they would probably be back by-and-by, and, if not, he could find his way back all right. They had not returned; he did not think they would; he had no flowers for his little sister; he had tumbled and twisted his foot, and he did not know how to get back to the town.

At this point of the narrative Harry and his sister, who had gone on, shouted to know what I was doing. I thought I would give the boy sixpence and go on, but suddenly the words came into my mind—"One of the least." Then there was a struggle sharp and short with my pride and self-esteem. In two seconds Tommy was on my back, and I was marching along cheerily enough.

How those two laughed at me! They did not know Tommy's story, and only saw me carrying a ragamuffin, who, they thought, was quite able to walk; and their remarks hit me so hard that I did not care to explain.

I thought, first of all, I would put Tommy down when we got near the town, and fetch a cab, but when Harry said I made an excellent ass that seemed to put strength into me, and I told them to go on in front, as I was rather heavily laden. It was lucky they took my advice, for Mrs. Westall, Harry's mother, who is a wealthy woman, and very particular about appearances, came by in her carriage, and looked mightily surprised at the sight of so respectable a person as myself acting as ass to this ragamuffin.

And it was hot! The boy seemed to grow heavier and heavier as I trudged wearily along with my burden. Once I set him down and asked him to try and walk beside me; but his foot pained him, and he was utterly done, so I stuck to my task, though the sun shone ever more hotly upon us.

Eventually I landed Tommy at his parents' door, presenting him with my bunch of wild roses for his sister. I was in two minds about the wisdom of what I had done;

my back ached horribly, and I was worn out ; but Tommy's face as we parted brought some joy to me, and I sighed contentedly.

I found Harry and his sister waiting at a jeweller's shop where there was a mirror in the window. In this I caught sight of myself. Then I hurried home shamefacedly.

* * * * *

The light was blinding. It seemed to pierce me through and through, and to penetrate as no X-rays could ever do.

The floor where I stood was one sheet of molten glass, on which I was being drawn forward — by what means I knew not — irresistibly towards an arc of light more brilliant than the rest, where thousands on thousands were gathered before a white throne surrounded by glorious rose-tinted clouds floating on an azure sea.

It was so extraordinarily strange. I felt it was myself and yet not myself ; I was intensely alive, but apparently living at the rate of a year a second. I seemed in that dazzling light to behold in a flash all my past life, and everything I had ever done, stretched out before me. It was as if all my actions and thoughts had been pictured on a little screen, and I were examining it through an immense magnifying glass with eyes that could see and feel a hundred thousand things at sight. My mind was really travelling with the inconceivable speed of light.

I tried to stop, that I might realise where I was ; but I was drawn onward, ever onward, towards that central blaze of light, to the point whither the crowd, attracted by the same invisible magnetic force, was hastening. If I could only stop a second, so as to prepare myself for the awful ordeal which I felt sure was awaiting me ! For I could see that, as the crowd approached, there seemed to be a blast that separated the people into two divisions. One division was swept away



"In two seconds Tommy was on my back."

towards hard bleak frozen plains, where the wintry blasts blew cold and chill in the drab sky ; whilst the others were drawn towards soft flower-clad valleys bathed in glorious golden sunshine.

But why the division ? How was the parting made ? What force was controlling this awful scene ? On which side would I be swept ?

I shivered as I looked into the wan,

spectral forms departing to the barren north, and my blood ran cold within me. I concentrated my thoughts on the picture which revolved before my mind. Scene after scene, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, I viewed with ever increasing alarm and terror. Could it be true that I had perpetrated those thousands of selfish deeds? Was it true that my mind had been so debased, so unlovely, so unthankful, so unholy? Could it be true that I had spent all those days and weeks and months and years in thinking of myself, my personal aims and ambitions, and spent only that microscopically small time in thoughts on others, gladness in others' rejoicing, sympathy for others' cares and sorrows? Could it be possible that those few tiny pictures amidst tens of thousands of others represented all the time that I had devoted to prayer and praise, and acts of love and kindness?

Was that the picture I had to present at the Seat of Judgment before that great white throne?

There was not a chance for me, not the shadow of a chance; and a whiff of the frozen north wind struck chill to the bone as I looked on that awful record.

If I could only go over the pictures and repaint them, paint out the big gloomy scenes, enlarge the little white ones! Why, nearly every picture of deeds that I had been proud of was black, all those successes in which I had gloried were painted in sombre colours drear and dispiriting to behold. I realised, too late, that they had all been gained for self, that I had glorified self in those paltry triumphs and successes and forgotten the praise due to others, and especially to the Giver of All.

I tried to turn back. I would alter all that, and repair the past. But, strive as I might, I could do nothing against the force that impelled me. I was on the centre line now, midway between the sunshine and the chilling blast. A horrible fear overwhelmed me. I felt no doubt on which side I should be drawn, and prepared with all the fortitude I could muster to meet my doom.

My head seemed bursting now. A cloud had overshadowed the throne. I had arrived at the point where the division took place. For an instant I stood alone on the edge of a vast abyss, and was being sucked into the weird icy blue plains when I heard a voice whisper "Look unto Me." I raised

my despairing eyes. A face such as I had never seen, but had dreamed of, a face uniting all the holiest and most loving traits I had ever seen with a divinity of perfection beyond earthly imagination, smiled down on me. It was He; I had seen Him; I was safe—by His help. In that moment I caught the sound of a voice so sweet, so soft, so ineffably lovely, saying "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren." The cold horror passed from me; new life, new vigour, new joy, thrilled through me, and in a moment I was in the warmth of an unspeakable happiness, whilst I looked into a glad angelic face.

* * * * *

At this moment I opened my eyes. Little cripple Tommy was there, holding my hand.

"You looked so frightened just now in your sleep that I waked you," he said.

I rubbed my eyes. I had been so tired after my morning's exertions that I had fallen into a heavy sleep on the beach, and the sun was shining hotly upon me.

* * * * *

Tommy was quite fresh and clean now, and I was glad to see my little companion of the morning again.

Just then Harry and his sister came up, and we strolled along the beach in the glorious afternoon sunshine.

"Mother wants you to come in to tea," said Harry. "She wishes to hear about the little cripple boy she saw you carrying this morning."

"I think," said his sister, "that we were not a bit kind or nice mannered this morning, but we have been thinking a great deal about it since, and—I hope you'll carry another cripple some day."

I found, indeed, much to my surprise, that this little act of natural kindness had interested them all a good deal.

Mrs. Westall talked a great deal about it, and said she should call and see if there was anything she could do for the little cripple.

I walked homeward in the evening, and thought a good deal of my dream, and of the sentence which begins with "Inasmuch" and finishes with "Me," and though I could not understand the dream I determined to try and be more watchful about my motives and aspirations in the days to come.

A New Competition for "Quiver" Readers

By THE EDITOR

First Prize: A Splendid Sewing Machine

Six Prizes of "Thermos" Flasks

Twelve Handsome Book Prizes

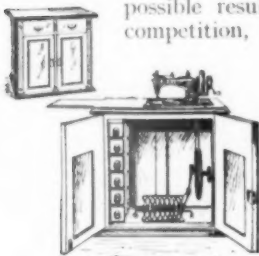
I HAVE pleasure in announcing another competition for the readers of THE QUIVER. The great success which attended our Bazaar Competition two years ago, and the Album Competition of last year, will be remembered by my readers. The central idea of those competitions was that, whilst competing for a prize, the hands and brains of our readers should be used for the benefit of others. Last year thousands of pretty albums were sent to the hospitals of London, Glasgow, Dublin, Edinburgh, etc., to cheer and interest those passing through the tedium of illness in those institutions. The beautiful cards served to awaken happy thoughts of home and childhood, and suggest to the sick and weary the true source of peace.

Our new competition is to be on similar lines, in so far that no effort put forth by any of my readers will be wasted.

For some time past, whilst much gratified by the help we have been able to give to home charities through the League of Loving Hearts, I have been anxious for my readers to extend their work so as to include the mission field. With this purpose in view I am asking my readers to send me dressed dolls for use among the missions in foreign lands.

A Splendid Sewing Machine Offered

With a view to obtaining the best possible results for this new competition, I have resolved to offer as the first prize one of Messrs. Frister and Rossmann's magnificent vibrating shuttle, hand and treadle sewing machines. The



FIRST PRIZE: SEWING MACHINE
IN CABINET.

machine is encased in a drawing-room cabinet with six drawers, with two massive panel doors, and the cost is £10 2s. 6d. A sewing machine is an essential in every home, but it is not often our readers get the opportunity of securing such a magnificent machine as that for which Messrs. Frister and Rossmann are famous. The machine itself is of the very finest type now produced, and in addition the cabinet will be an ornament to any room. A complete set of attachments, with instruction book, etc., are sent with the machine.

Six "Thermos" Flasks

The first prize will be awarded to the best dressed doll, sent in accordance with the conditions I shall mention presently.

I shall give a prize of a splendid "Thermos" flask to each of the next six best dolls after the first prize has been awarded. Everyone by now is familiar with the "Thermos" flasks: hot water, tea, etc., can be kept in them at practically the same temperature for about twenty-four hours. They are useful for picnics, and in the home generally, and invaluable for invalids where refreshments have to be kept warm through the night hours.



"THERMOS"
FLASK.

Twelve Handsome Book Prizes

In addition to the sewing machine and the "Thermos" flasks, I shall have pleasure in awarding twelve handsome book prizes for the dolls next in merit. Thus there will be nineteen prizes in all.

Disposal of the Dolls

The dolls sent in for this competition will be divided among the principal

missionary societies of Great Britain. One-half will be sent to the Church Missionary Society, and the remainder divided between the London, Baptist, Wesleyan, Presbyterian Missionary Societies, etc. If readers desire their work to go to any particular society, they may add a note to that effect.

Conditions of the Competition

The idea of the competition is to encourage the ingenuity and taste of the competitors; in order that there shall be no unfair advantage, I have decided to restrict the cost of the doll and the materials used upon it to one shilling. I am relying upon my readers' honour to observe this condition faithfully.

Only members of the League of Loving Hearts may take part in this competition, but anyone joining the League at once is eligible. A coupon will be found among the advertisement pages, which should be filled in and sent with one shilling to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. More than one doll may be sent in by one competitor. The last date for receiving the dolls will be January 31st, 1910. There is no restriction of age nor of locality—nor of sex. All who join the League are free to enter.

Points to Remember

The dolls that my readers will be dressing during the next few months will be highly valued by those who receive

them, either as prizes or gifts from the missionaries. There are, however, some points which should be remembered, in order that the dolls may be acceptable to the recipients. The principal things to note are these: (1) All the dolls *should be dark-haired or dark-headed*; light hair is despised in Oriental countries. (2) They *should not have white dresses*; plain white is the colour of mourning and the badge of widowhood in India. (3) They *should not be made of wax*, for wax melts quickly in hot countries. (4) They should not be *nigger dolls*. Black-faced dolls are not appreciated by natives.

These points are not put in as conditions of the competition, but simply as guides, so that our gifts will be properly appreciated in the countries to which they go. I may add that competitors will derive considerable help from an article which appeared in THE QUIVER for April on "Doll-Dressing for Zenana Missions."

In further issues of THE QUIVER I shall have more to say about this competition; meanwhile I hope that thousands of my readers will decide to enter, and thus be the means of bringing gladness and brightness into homes of heathen darkness. Everyone who joins the League of Loving Hearts, and enters for this competition, will have the joy of helping work both at home and abroad, for the contributions of the League are sent to the following ten societies:—

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
 RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
 CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.
 SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
 MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
 THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
 LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.
 ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.
 CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,
 Savoy Street, W.C.
 BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.





CONVERSATION CORNER

Conducted by
The Editor

September

SEPTEMBER marks the passing of the holiday season, and the preparation for autumn and winter work. To be sure, many who read these pages are still looking forward to their holidays, whilst my Australian readers are only just closing their winter season, and are anticipating the delights of spring! If one could get a glimpse of the way in which the readers of THE QUIVER have spent their holidays, what diversity there would be! What particular incident stands out as you think of your holidays? I cannot help recalling one little experience that will always be associated with my remembrances of a recent holiday. I had been for a cruise on a steam yacht through some of the loveliest scenery to be found on God's earth; it was a summer's evening, with a northern sun sinking out of sight in a perfect blue sky. Most of the passengers had assembled in the concert-room for some entertainment, but one or two were still strolling about deck, admiring the scenery. Among these was one of the passengers who had often aroused my interest and sympathy. He was suffering from some affection of the eyes, so that he had almost entirely to be led about by his wife. She had left him for a few moments, and so I entered into conversation with him. Somehow, from the conventional talk about the scenery he drifted into deeper subjects; he told me of his affliction, of how that gradually the compass of his sight was contracting, so that he then had only a small circle of vision from the centre of his eyes, and this was getting smaller and smaller. A teacher in a college, and a highly strung man, his nervous system had broken down with the trouble of his threatened blindness. He had had to give up his work and take this trip. I tried to

express my sympathy, but what can one say in such a case? I said, "But you find there are compensations?" That struck a tender chord in his heart, and he told me, with a break in his voice, and tears in his poor eyes, of how he possessed the absolute love of the woman who was all the world to him. What she had been to him in his affliction he could never express. She was, in more senses than one, the light of his eyes. We went on to speak of the still higher love, when his wife returned, and it was time to seek our berths. I watched them a good deal in the succeeding days; never once was she other than bright and cheerful, and I do not think I have ever met more "perfect lovers" than those two.



Holiday Experiences

PERHAPS you have been touched by some little incident on your holiday, and would care to write it out and send me. I shall be very pleased to receive letters from my readers giving a holiday experience. They should be as brief and concise as possible, and should be addressed to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., marked "Holidays." I shall be pleased to give a prize of 10s. 6d. for the best letter received, and six handsome volumes for the next in order of merit. The letters should reach me not later than November 1st.



Work for the Autumn

I WOULD draw the attention of my readers to the Doll Dressing Competition announced on another page. I am hoping that this competition will be taken up by many

thousands of my readers, and that it may provide some hours of very pleasant work this coming season. Will my readers please call the attention of their friends to this competition, and induce them to become members of the League of Loving Hearts?



October Stories

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing that I have secured some splendid stories for the October issue. Scott Graham, familiar to all QUIVER readers, contributes a charming love story, entitled "Brown"; Montague Herbert writes a clerical experience under the title "A Substitute," whilst Ethel F. Heddle tells the story of "The Last String."



Danger Moments in Missionary Lives

NONE who are interested in missionary work should miss the thrilling article I have secured for my October number on "Danger Moments in Missionary Lives." Mr. E. H. Rann has obtained from several missionaries their own record of adventures and hair-breadth escapes, which prove that the life of the missionary is by no means without its excitement.



"The Light of the World"

SO many requests have reached me from various readers for a copy of Holman Hunt's masterpiece, "The Light of the World," that I have made special arrangements to meet their wishes. Our Art Department have secured a limited number of prints, and these have been artistically mounted and framed. The accompanying illustration will give some idea of the picture, which is 17 inches high. To secure this framed engraving all that is necessary is to send a postal order for 1s. 9d., made payable to Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.,

together with name and address. The picture will be forwarded immediately, post free.



Children's Department

MY readers will notice that in this number "Alison" writes the first of her letters to boys and girls. I have been really alarmed at times at discovering the pernicious trash that is allowed to get into the hands of boys and girls at the most susceptible ages of their lives. May I rely on the co-operation of my adult readers to induce the boys and girls to become interested in the young folks' portion of THE QUIVER?



Woman and War

WE hear a good deal these days about the possibilities of war. It is only right that, whilst so much is being said and done in regard to preparedness to fight, something should be done to alleviate suffering should the dread calamity of war ever involve this country. The War Office has recently made arrangements by which—if war unfortunately broke out, calling for the intervention of England—military hospitals would be set up in Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sheffield, Manchester, Leicester, Oxford, Cambridge, Plymouth, Brighton, Edinburgh, Leeds, Liverpool, Lincoln, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Portsmouth, London and Aberdeen. The women in these districts are to be called upon to act as nurses and so forth; and full particulars of the scheme will be found by anybody interested in the September number of *Cassell's Magazine*.

Other interesting articles in the same magazine deal with the Bengal Pilot Service and its Perils, by Mr. Frank T. Bullen; Canada's new railway; and "Life in an Art School."

The Editor



"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

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grocer can supply H & P's Oval Digestive Biscuits



"How, When, and Where" Corner

ALISON'S FIRST LETTER

MY DEAR COMPANIONS, BIG AND LITTLE,

In the long winter evenings we have a good deal of fun sometimes in playing that old-fashioned game, "How, When, and Where." We like it best when we can sit round a large, clear fire, and have plenty of chestnuts to roast meanwhile. You know the game, of course, and how exciting and interesting it can be, and what queer answers the guesser receives to the questions, "How do you like it?" "When do you like it?" and "Where do you like it?" And, funnier still, often, are the guesses as to what the mysterious "It" is. Really, it is a first-rate game, but only those should play it who are "good sportsmen," and will not willingly hurt another's feelings. Kindness as well as wit is wanted.

Well, it was this game that came into my mind when I was thinking about this corner—this game of "How, When, and Where"—and a picture got together, somehow, in my thoughts. You must have seen the picture, for it can be bought now in postcard form. The words on it say, "Want to See the Wheels go Round," and the painting shows a little girl looking with eager interest at the tall, old clock in the hall of her home.

I have always had such a strong sympathy with that girl, for, really, it is nice to know how things "go," isn't it? And I thought on, saying to myself how pleasant it would be to have a "How, When, and Where" Corner here, in the pages which the Editor is so kindly allowing us to have for ourselves. What do

you think, boys and girls? You see, perhaps I can write every month about something or someone concerning which or whom you do not know the "How, When, and Where." Then, I am sure, there are many of you who could write and tell me lots that I do not know about. For instance, you have nearly all just had your summer holidays. You might write to tell me "How, When, and Where" you spent them. Think what a lot of geography I should learn in that way, and how many places I should hear of that otherwise I might not! Some day you might tell me the "How, When, and Where" of your greatest adventure, or the truest happiness that ever came to you. These letters would not only interest and give gladness to me, but we might print some of them in our Corner, and so gladden and interest the grown-up readers of *THE QUIVER*.

There are several other plans in my head, and I dare say you have some in yours. Won't you tell me? I think we can help each other in various ways if we try. A "How, When, and Where" Club will, anyway, make us all more observant; we shall simply *have* to keep our eyes open, to look for matters to write to each other about, things we might otherwise not notice.

To become a Companion of the "How, When, and Where" Corner, it is necessary that you fill in the coupon to be found in our advertisement pages, and send it on to me with a penny stamp to the address given after my signature. As soon as I receive your coupon I will send you a

handsome card of membership—the penny stamp is to pay for the postage of this. I shall have a big book and paste into it all the coupons that are filled in and sent to me. I hope it will be rapidly filled. Will you all write to me just whenever you like? Tell me all sorts of things: if you have any fresh, original puzzles, send them; and if there is anything you want to know and can't find out, write about it, and let me see if I can answer the question or solve the problem, and put the reply in *THE QUIVER* for you.

We will have some prizes every month, too, for the most interesting letters. There will be one, a nice book, for the best written by a Companion over fourteen years of age, and one for a Companion under that age.

Next month I shall have more to say about plans for the future. I hope to have very many letters, and that we shall be good chums.

I am, dear Companions,

Your sincere friend,

Alison.

All letters for the "How, When, and Where" Corner to be addressed to "ALISON," *THE QUIVER*, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.



The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

WHAT is the Crutch-and-Kindness League? It would hardly be too much to describe it as a kind of Postal Gospel. The "Crutch" naturally suggests the cripple, and every heart understands what "Kindness" is, and in nothing is the post office more endeared to us than when it becomes the means of bringing us good tidings. Good tidings, too, have a very human as well as a divine side, as everyone knows who, after long silence and suspense, gets word again from some loved one far away. How every detail of the message is noted! The most trivial event becomes important, every reference to surroundings calls up pictures not easily forgotten, and the whole day thereafter becomes brighter and lighter for the letter received from afar. Friendship with one near to us in the flesh is good, but there is a special sweetness too in the consciousness that, though distance may soften, it cannot annihilate the friendly spirit.

The Crutch-and-Kindness League has taken advantage of this, and turned it to the comforting and cheering of thousands of little cripple children in that multifarious nation which goes by the name of London. In London alone there are more than nine thousand poor cripple children. Indeed, the number of cripple children is greater, but others have ameliorations, so far as such a sad lot can be softened, for they are in a social position which can command

medical comforts and loving attention. The nine thousand cannot; their parents or parent (for too often they are orphaned of either father or mother) are poor, and life is a hard struggle for them—a struggle in ninety-nine cases in the hundred in which they are upheld by the one noble feeling, never absent from their hearts, that there is a little lame boy or girl at home dependent on them.

Every one of these wee sufferers is on the register and under the kindly oversight of the Ragged School Union, with good Sir John Kirk at the head—a guarantee of the worthiness of each case. From time to time they are visited in their own homes by some friendly volunteer visitor. This is much, and the little ones look eagerly forward to these visits, but how wearisome the tedium of the time between! It is for such a time the Crutch-and-Kindness League flings wide its gates—to the postman. For every member of the League has a child cripple put into his care or hers for the sole and simple object of a letter to be written to the small prisoner of suffering once a month. The joy that letter brings! A uniformed postman knocking at *their* doors with a letter for *them*! It is the first occasion when such a child feels he is of some value. And the contents! Descriptions of places somewhere out *there*, in the dim, vague world, and of other children, and adventures, and people, and pets, together with such interest

taken in themselves, and with such sympathy drifting through all! Can we wonder that such letters are the little cripples' choicest treasures, to be read again and again? And can we wonder at the truth that, when one of these little ones is finally released from suffering, under the pillow are found the cherished letters?

It is not everyone who, however willing, can do his or her heart the good of visiting these pallid mites in person; but everyone, young or old, far-off or near, can do this little kindness, as will be seen in the list of new members added here from month to month. There is but one fee—one shilling—to cover expenses, and a beautiful card of membership, for framing, is given each member.

All further particulars concerning the League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

Our New Members

Miss Louisa Andrews, St. Albans, Herts.; Mrs. F. J. Bailey, Bawtry, Yorks.; Miss Ruby Bailey, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Barker, Hitchin, Herts.; Miss Barnes, Bournemouth; Miss Dorothy Bell, Sidecup, Kent; Miss Phyllis Beeton, Sidecup, Kent; Miss N. Bellis, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Nora Belsham, Cathcart, Glasgow; Miss Mary Benson, Penarth, Glam.; Master Louis Black, St. Andrew's S.S., Cambridge, N.Z.; Master Gordon Black, St. Andrew's S.S., Cambridge, N.Z.; Miss E. L. Boswell-Stone, Oxford; Miss Gertrude Brooks, St. Andrew's S.S., Cambridge, N.Z.; Miss W. L. Brooks, Boundary Road, N.W.; Miss Florence Budget, Middlesbrough; Miss E. S. Bullett, West Ealing; Miss Burgess, Takeley, Essex; Mrs. Burt, Bournemouth; Mr. Burt, Bournemouth; Mrs. T. Catter, Chepstow, Monmouth; Mr. J. M. Chalmers, Manitoba, Canada; Mr. J. G. Chappell, Vancouver, Canada; Miss Maud Chapman, Ilford, Essex; Miss Eva Cooper, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Connie Cooper, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Bessie Curtis, Maidstone, Kent; Miss Ellen Curtis, Fairfield, Glos.; Miss Gertrude Crump, Malvern, Wores.; Miss Kitty Davies, Belvedere, Kent; Miss A. E. Dawes, Derbyshire; Miss Howard Dawson, Moortown, Leeds; Miss G. Dickins, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Isobel Dobson, Harlow, Essex; Miss Dugdale, Lee, S.E.; Miss C. Eccles, Loughrea, Ireland; Mrs. K. Elliott, Jamaica, B.W.I.; Miss Evelyn Evans, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Jessie Evans, Penarth, Glam.; Master G. Fawdry, Chipping Norton, Oxon; Miss Madge Fison, Nr. Cambridge; Miss E. E. Fitzgerald, Mountrath, Ireland; Miss Marigold Forbes, Park Lane, W.; Miss K. M. Friend, Moorgate Street, E.C.; Miss Eva M. Gaudie, New Mills, Nr. Stockport; Miss Lillie Giles, Aberdare, Glam.; Miss F. A. Gill, Clapham Common; Miss Muriel Grant, Weedon, Northants; Miss Cassie Green, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Maggie Greig, Svedenham, S.E.; Miss Peggy Griffiths, Penarth, Glam.; Miss C. Guy, Penarth, Glam.; Miss E. V. Gwynne, Saskatchewan, Canada; Miss Isabel Hale, Victoria, Australia; Miss Elaine Hall, Quarnby, Huddersfield; Miss Arline Hall, West Hampstead; Miss Grace M. Harris, Clapham Park, S.W.; Miss Alice Hawker, Harrow, Middlesex;

Miss Phyllis Hawkins, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Beatrice Hepponstall, Slave Island, Colombo, Ceylon; Miss Lily Heron, St. Andrew's S.S., Cambridge, N.Z.; Miss A. Newton Holder, Westcliff-on-Sea; Miss D. Hopkins, Penarth, Glam.; Mr. R. M. Hughes, St. Vincent, B.W.I.; Miss Mary Hunter, St. Andrew's S.S., Cambridge, N.Z.; Miss F. A. Huntley, Brighton; Miss F. Hutchinson, Penarth, Glam.; Miss S. S. Jellicot, Cork, Ireland; Mr. Jordan's Class, Redcliffe, Bristol; Miss Dorothy John, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Elsie John, Penarth, Glam.; Miss May Jones, Penarth, Glam.; Miss S. A. Jones, Swansea Valley, S. Wales; Miss Carmen Judah, Jamaica, B.W.I.; Miss Kent, Haywards Heath, Sussex; Miss S. Headly King, Cambridge; Miss Gwen Kraft, Sidecup, Kent; Miss Florrie Kraft, Sidecup, Kent; Miss May Lawly, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Agnes Leslie, Aylesbury, Bucks; Miss Norah L'Estrange, Natal, S.A.; Miss Lina Lipp, Fochabers, N.B.; Miss Emilie Locke, Hove, Sussex; The Misses Longford, Bidford-on-Avon, Warwick; Miss Mache, Bridgewater, Somerset; Miss N. L. Mackie, St. Vincent, B.W.I.; Nurse E. Maitland-Duffin, Rochester, Kent; Miss Gertrude Meadows, Broadway, Worcester; Mrs. Merry, Streatham Common; Miss A. Miles, Penarth, Glam.; Miss A. M. Millener, and her three nieces, Jamaica, B.W.I.; Miss Ada Minchin, St. Andrew's S.S., Cambridge, N.Z.; Miss Maisie Morgan, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Maggie Morris, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Gladys Mortimer, Fortis Green, N.; Miss Beatrice Mortimer, Fortis Green, N.; Miss Margaret Murray, Rugeley, Stafford; Miss Elsie E. Nutt, Jamaica, B.W.I.; Miss Alwyn Nutt, Jamaica, B.W.I.; Miss Janet Owen, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Winifred Pater-son, Worthing; Miss Edith F. Payne, Moortown, Leeds; Miss C. S. Pearce, Penarth, Glam.; Scholars of Penlee School, Dover; Miss H. Phillips, Oldham, Lancs.; Miss Irene Phillips, Penarth, Glam.; Miss M. Phillips, Gravesend, Kent; Miss Florence, E. Pollard, Ontario, Canada; Miss Maud Preston, Cookham, Berks; Miss Beatrice Price, Malvern, Wores.; Mrs. Pryse, Southport, Lancashire; Mr. F. H. Quinton, Christchurch, N.Z.; Miss Jessie M. Ramsay, Dumfriesshire, N.B.; Mr. Reed, Auckland, N.Z.; Miss Reed, Auckland, N.Z.; Miss Clare Richards, St. Andrew's S.S., Cambridge, N.Z.; Miss L. Roberts, Charlton, S.E.; Miss C. Roberts, Penarth, Glam.; Mrs. Robertson, Pollokshields, Glasgow; Mrs. Robison, Bishopstoke, Hants; Master Roberts, Johannesburg, S.A.; Mrs. Harry Rowse, W. Byfleet, Surrey; Miss May Rutherford, Waterford, Ireland; Class I, St. Andrew's S.S., Cambridge, N.Z.; Miss Anne de Sarum, Slave Island, Colombo, Ceylon; Miss Mary Semmens, St. Andrew's S.S., Cambridge, N.Z.; Mrs. Sharp, Boscombe, Hants; Miss Ella Sharp, St. Andrew's S.S., Cambridge, N.Z.; Miss E. G. Shawyer, Whiteley Bay, Northumberland; Miss Hilda M. Short, Leytonstone; Miss Nancy Shuker, Salop; Miss Dorothy Slater, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Greta Slater, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Irene Sneed, Sidecup, Kent; Miss Ada Smith, St. Andrew's S.S., Cambridge, N.Z.; Miss Ethelwyn Souter, St. Andrew's S.S., Cambridge, N.Z.; Miss Selma Spencer, Fortis Green, N.; Miss Stanfield, Lidgeton, Natal, S.A.; Mrs. Stiff, Wimbledon, S.W.; Miss W. Symonds, Penarth, Glam.; Miss Beatrice Temple, Epping; Miss Thurgood, Takeley, Essex; Miss Kathleen Tradewell, Nr. Rotherham; Miss Laura Truslove, Nuneaton, Warwick; Miss Nellie Turner, Sidecup, Kent; Miss Nina Ward, Penarth, Glam.; Miss M. E. Welchman, Anerley, S.E.; Mrs. Wilson, Edgbaston; Miss Margaret Wheatley, St. Leonards-on-Sea; Miss Wright, Takeley, Essex; Miss Nellie Wyard, Ilford, Essex.

The September number of "Little Folks" is an advance even on the August one. It contains the first part of a new serial, entitled "Round the World on an Airship," an excellent topical story which will interest children of all ages. In addition to this and the other serials, there are six splendid complete stories, besides interesting articles on "Little Folks of Japan" and "The Story of the Ship."

What a Policeman Has to Do

By HAROLD MURRAY

"WHY," you say at once, "of course we know what he has to do. He has to catch people who are doing wrong, and take them to the police station, and he has to stand at busy corners of the streets and keep order."

Well, that is part of his duty, certainly, but what a very small part! I really think very few people indeed have any idea how many things there are that a policeman has to do. I do not mean the constable who walks up and down very quiet streets in the country, but the one who is on duty in busy cities like London. Why, I did not know till the other day, for instance, that a constable is expected to do a thing like this: he has to keep an eye on all the pillar-boxes in the streets, and if ever he sees one that is packed so full of letters that there is not room for any more he has to run off to the nearest post-office and tell them about it!

When you come to think of it, what is there that the London policeman does *not* do? When I was a little lad I used to have the ridiculous idea that the man in blue was always trying to catch somebody. I am afraid I must have been very naughty myself! I am wiser now, and after living in the house of a Metropolitan constable for some years I am always anxious to tell everybody what splendid fellows they are, and how much sympathy they ought to get from us.

Let us forget just for a moment all about people getting "locked up," and think of some of the other things that are done by our

London policemen every day. When you come to think of it, for almost anything that happens, the policeman is called. Somebody falls into the Thames. A policeman rushes up, throws off his helmet and coat, and jumps from the parapet to the rescue like lightning. Often when a house is seen to be on fire it is the policeman who dashes in first and gives the alarm. A poor man or woman is found to be starving, and a policeman goes out of his way to visit their sad home and pay for some food out of his own pocket. I could tell you many true stories about this which have never been in the papers. There is an accident: it is the policeman who comes first, and while the crowd stands round, gaping and useless, he goes down on his knees and attends to the person who has been hurt, knowing exactly what to do, because

he has spent long hours in ambulance classes. Then other policemen come up with the ambulance, while perhaps another clears away the crowd with his gruff "Pass along, please!"

But I shall find it quite impossible to mention even half the things the London policeman has to do. I expect you have seen him, as I have, gently taking charge of tiny children who have got lost, or helping old ladies across the road, or trying to answer all the questions of a crowd of sightseers from the country—things which, remember, he is never paid to do. I do not know, as a matter of fact, that there is any worker in London who does so much more work than he is paid for than the



RELEASING A LATE WORKER IN A CITY OFFICE.



AN EMBANKMENT RESCUE.

STOPPING A FIGHT.

policeman. A number of the London police are able to speak foreign languages, and they are sent to districts where there are many foreigners. And then there are police who have to row about the river among the shipping, and they have many strange things to do.

So you see it is not an easy thing to be a London policeman. Before you can be one at all you must be between twenty-one and twenty-seven years of age, you must be 5 feet 9 inches high, you must be able to read and write well, and you must be quite strong and free from any kind of illness. They will not even have a man for the police who has bad teeth! Perhaps out of seventy or eighty who go to Scotland Yard every week as candidates only twenty are accepted. I am sure you have no idea how particular a policeman has to be to keep his boots clean, and to turn out from his home spick and span from top to toe! He has a thousand

things to remember, and I dare say you have sometimes seen him busily writing in the little pocket-book, in which all kinds of things have to be recorded during the day or night. I have known people to be very cross because a policeman has knocked them up, when they have been asleep, to tell them they have left a door or a window open—but that is part of his duty, and it all goes down in that little book.

London boasts of the best police force in the world. I think the more you get to know of the police the more you will agree that they deserve that compliment. I do not want you to think of the unpleasant part of their work, of the wicked men and women they have to bring to justice, of the ugly truncheon or handcuffs they have to carry with them—and which they never use unless it is absolutely necessary—or of the trying work and long hours which often make them seem far more bad-tempered than they really are. I want you to think of their bravery and their gentleness, and to remember their hearts beat just as warmly as ours, however severe we may think them. I have seen a City policeman come home after a long, tiring, worrying day, and throw off his heavy coat and helmet, and romp with his babies, and help mother to bath them, and then begin to help her with the rough housework. That is what hundreds of policemen do.



RENDERING FIRST AID.

(Photos by Clarke and Hyde.)

Our Portrait Gallery

A "Quiver" Medallist

AMONG the Homes which annually receive THE QUIVER Good Conduct Medal is the Gordon Boys' Home at Woking. This splendid institution was established as a national memorial to General Gordon,



HENRY L. BERRIDGE, "QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT MEDALLIST.

and it aims at training and educating friendless and destitute lads. THE QUIVER medal this year has been awarded to Henry L. Berridge, whose portrait is here given. He joined the Home on October 12, 1905, and was discharged to a situation on February 13 last. The lad was employed in the tailors' shop, and left with an exemplary character. The committee awarded him, previous to his discharge, the silver medal for good conduct. In the photograph he will be seen wearing both medals. In an early issue we shall have pleasure in giving the portraits of the boy and girl who have been awarded THE QUIVER medal at the Reedham Orphanage.

A Gifted Author

IT is an open secret that Annie S. Swan, the well-known novelist, is at present busily engaged on a long story for THE QUIVER. A portrait of her is to appear in our October number with an interview on "The Art of Story Writing."



The Unemployed's Friend

THE Rev. E. K. Botwood, Vicar of St. Mark's, Victoria Park, E., by his devoted work among the poor has earned for himself the title of "The Unemployed's Friend." In his parish—a maze of mean streets, through which no main thoroughfare runs—it is estimated that there are 2,000 out-of-works. At half-past four in the morning Mr. Botwood walks about the streets, and should he find a shelterless and foodless man he gives him refreshment at the nearest coffee-stall. Hundreds have been assisted by Mr. Botwood, who has found them jobs of a temporary or permanent character. To carry on this work he says he must have money, as he is almost at the end of his resources, having spent all his private income. He states that the District Committees are not able to deal with the large number of cases, and sometimes men have to wait nineteen weeks for help. Owing to the failure of all present schemes to deal with this state of affairs, Mr. Botwood says every clergyman must do his best to find employment for the men, who do not want charity, but work.



(Photo: White.)

THE REV. E. K. BOTWOOD.

Stout People's Deprivations.

HOW TO ESCAPE THEM.

Thousands of Needless Sufferers.

THERE are numberless men and women who for years have suffered from extreme obesity, with all the discomfort, ill-health, humiliations, and deprivations which that condition entails, simply because they have left untried the one sure remedy—the perfect home cure for obesity—perfect because permanent in its effects, pleasant, simple, and harmless. We allude, of course, to Antipon. "I only regret that I suffered more than half my life before hearing of Antipon," writes a grateful Yorkshire lady, who was very stout for five-and-twenty years, and gradually getting worse. She describes herself as having been "a breathless, tired woman" for years, deprived of comfort and health. Yet at the age of fifty she reduced her weight by no less than 52 lb., and since ceasing to take Antipon, two years ago, she has not gained an ounce in weight; and (she adds) "I feel so thoroughly set up in health, so strong and well." The lady can now get about with ease and comfort, and is no longer a slave to the deprivations from which she suffered so long.

Another lady (an Anglo-Indian) was comparatively helpless at 246 lb in weight when she started taking Antipon, by means of which she soon reduced to 184½ lb.—a decrease of 61½ lb.—"and," she writes, "I can now take four-mile walks with ease."

Besides," she adds, "I have an excellent appetite, and have never restricted myself in any form of diet." As will be explained, persons undergoing Antipon treatment are not only not deprived of wholesome nourishment, but become very good eaters, enjoying and thoroughly digesting their hearty, rational meals.

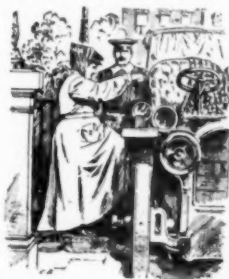
A gentleman well known in the sporting world was getting so stout that he feared being deprived of his favourite sport—shooting. A course of Antipon under medical direction reduced him no less than 2 st. 5½ lb., and he gratefully writes: "My doctor says I have got a new lease of life." But we could go on citing instances of the marvellous power of Antipon until we filled

pages.

Ladies feel the condition of over-stoutness acutely, and are actually, or of their own accord, deprived of many things in which they once took an active part and a keen delight. Tennis, cycling, and hockey are given up. Walking is too tiring for anything but a short distance. At fashionable bathing resorts stout ladies sit enviously watching their slenderer sisters disporting themselves in the waves.

Antiquated methods of weight-reduction (and many modern methods, too) deprive the stout of sufficient food, and, incidentally, of strength and stamina. Mineral drugs deprive them of health. Such systems may, and do, reduce weight by weakening the body, but only so long as the patient can stand them.

Obesity is only really cured by conquering the tendency to develop fat excessively. Antipon does this as nothing else will. As fast as the superfluous fatty matter is eradicated by the daily doses of Antipon, the tendency to overfatness is also eradicated, so that, with the final recovery of normal weight and a slender figure, a complete and permanent cure of the disease of obesity (one of the most obstinate diseases to combat) is effected, without any deprivations whatsoever.



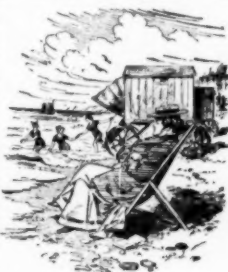
Antipon is a splendid tonic to the whole system, and with the rapid return of normal conditions of weight and figure, health, strength, and vitality are thoroughly restored. The digestive economy is much improved, hence the renewed keen natural appetite can be indulged with plenty of strengthening food. The Antipon treatment is to that extent superbly reconstructive.

The clumsy, corpulent figure gives permanent place to beauty of form and supple strength—a figure replete with vitality and grace.

Between 8 oz. and 3 lb. (sometimes even more) will be taken off in the space of the first 24 hours; the subsequent daily reduction will afford the greatest pleasure and a delightful feeling of buoyancy and comfort.

Antipon, a refreshingly tart liquid, contains only the most harmless vegetable ingredients, and none other. It has no disagreeable after-effects whatever.

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¶ As a mother, you should know that there is no bread so good for the children as Hovis, because it is pure, nourishing, and pleases young palates.

¶ And, lastly, as a woman, you should show a woman's judgment by purchasing only Hovis Bread because it is the best.

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Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

SEPTEMBER 5th. PAUL'S FAREWELLS

Acts xx. 2-38

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The miracle of Eutychus' restoration to life. (2) Paul's valedictory words to the elders of the church at Ephesus. (3) The apostle's counsel and warning.

A Faithful Preacher

THE Apostle Paul, as he himself says in the lesson, did not shrink from declaring the whole counsel of God, and even stonings, beatings, and imprisonments did not deter him from faithfully and fearlessly preaching the Gospel of the grace of God.

Paul's noble example has found many imitators. When the first missionary went to San Francisco in 1849, it took courage to speak to the swearing, drunken crowds who spent their time in gambling and intoxication. Many times he was threatened with personal violence. One of his first efforts was made in a dance hall where a murder had just been committed, the body hauled into an adjoining room, and the drinking, cursing, and gambling were going on as noisily as before. Into this crowd the missionary stepped, to be greeted with shouts of derision. But he insisted on singing, and when something like quietness had been obtained he began to talk, and made many of those who listened to him ashamed of the life they were living. That is the courage that is needed to-day as much as in the apostle's time.

The Joy of Giving

Impressing upon his friends the necessity for helping the weak, Paul reminded them of the words of the Lord Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If that spirit animated Christian giving, there would be less complaint of the shortage of funds on the part of our great missionary organisations. The story is told of a wealthy gentleman who once handed to his pastor a number of cheques, saying, "I am going

from home, to be absent a year. I have always been ready to help in every good cause, and I wish to do so now, even while absent. Take these cheques, fill in one whenever you think it necessary, giving what you think I would give if I were present."

SEPTEMBER 12th. CLOSE OF PAUL'S THIRD JOURNEY

Acts xxi. 1-17

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Paul on the way to Jerusalem. (2) His fate foretold by Agabus. (3) The unshaken determination of the apostle to face his enemies.

The Courage of Conviction

So great was Paul's love for his Master that he was willing to undergo any suffering for Him, and even the prospect of a cruel death did not give him cause for alarm. There are many people who hide their convictions because they fear the ridicule of their friends. But the faith which is not worth confessing is not worth possessing. It is told of Abu Sayid, a chief over 50,000 Kurds, who was converted through the efforts of a Nestorian missionary, and who had laboured long and earnestly to bring the members of his own tribe to a knowledge of Jesus Christ, that a few years ago the Shah sent for him and offered him a title, but he answered sadly that it was of no value to him, as he had no son. The Shah advised him to take another wife. Then Abu Sayid spoke out his belief in Christ, which forbade him more than one wife. It was a moment of peril, for by Mohammedan law death is the penalty for conversion from Islam. But the Shah listened, and, struck with the earnestness of Abu Sayid, exclaimed, "O sheik, you are a very holy man!" and, instead of being imprisoned, Abu Sayid was sent away with honour. It is as true to-day as ever that those who honour God are honoured by Him.

SEPTEMBER 19th. REVIEW

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The missionary enthusiasm of the great apostle. (2) His loyalty and faithfulness to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

President Taft on Foreign Missions

THE missionary journeys and achievements of the Apostle Paul are a powerful argument in favour of foreign missions. Fortunately, the good work of foreign missions is recognised to-day as never before; but there are still those who never weary telling us that "charity begins at home," and that we should evangelise the heathen at our own doors before thinking of taking the Gospel to the heathen in other lands. On this subject, quite recently, Mr. William H. Taft, the new President of the United States of America, spoke some very valuable words. "I have known a good many people who were opposed to foreign missions," he remarked. "I have known a good many regular attendants at church—consistent members—who religiously, if you choose to use that term, refused to contribute to foreign missions. I confess that there was a time when I was enjoying a snug provincialism, that I hope has left me now, when I rather sympathised with that view. Until I went to the Orient, until there was thrust upon me the responsibilities with reference to the extension of civilisation in those far-distant lands, I did not realise the immense importance of foreign missions. No man can study the movement of modern civilisation from an impartial standpoint and not realise that Christianity and the spread of Christianity are the only basis for hope of modern civilisation in the growth of popular self-government."

After Many Days

It is not possible to estimate the value of such service as that rendered by the Apostle Paul. The influence of his work has come down right through the centuries, and will endure as long as the world itself. The influence of a life lived for God never dies. The story is told of a young nobleman who found himself in a little village in Cornwall, where he had never been before. It was a hot day, and he was thirsty, and his thirst increased as he rode up and down the village street seeking in vain for a place

where something stronger than water could be had. At last he stopped and made impatient inquiry of an old peasant who was on his way home after a day of toil. "How is it that I can't get a glass of liquor anywhere in this wretched village of yours?" he demanded harshly. The old man, recognising his questioner as a man of rank, pulled off his cap and bowed humbly; but nevertheless there was a proud flash in his faded eyes as he answered quietly: "My lord, something over a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts." And with that the old peasant walked away. But what a splendid testimony he had given to the preaching of John Wesley, whose words on behalf of his Master had for over a century kept the curse of drunkenness out of that village!

SEPTEMBER 26th. CHRISTIAN SELF-DENIAL

1 Corinthians x. 23—33

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The place of conscience in daily life and action. (2) The Christian's duty to his neighbour. (3) God's glory should always be the first consideration.

For the Sake of Others

IN this lesson the apostle enforces the duty of the Christian towards his neighbour. It is true that "no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself," for we are all the one dependent on the other, and our influence reaches out further than we think. One day the great Spurgeon was much fatigued, and someone said to him, "Wouldn't you like a glass of beer?" "Yes," he replied, "but some poor beggar to whom drink is a temptation might hear of it, and feel encouraged to take a dozen glasses. I abstain for the sake of such men."

"Now, lads," said the late Duncan Mathieson, the Scottish evangelist, to a lot of boys who had been converted at his meetings, "the people here are not in the habit of reading their Bibles to learn what God says to them, but I'll tell you what they'll read. They'll read your lives and ways very carefully to see if you are really what you profess to be. And mind you this: If they find your lives to be inconsistent with your profession, they will have this for an excuse in rejecting Christ."

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"THE QUIVER"

INSURANCE AND INVESTMENT SUPPLEMENT

The Romance of Insurance

By ELLA G. GRUNDY

WHATEVER may be the shortcomings of the Budget, it at least has the advantage of furnishing some strong arguments in favour of life insurance.

When Mr. Asquith brought in his last Budget it was said to "impose a heavy penalty on thrift." "No one," said the critics, "will trouble to save and invest, because the income from investments is taxed so highly." Now under Mr. Lloyd George the tax collector makes the investor pay a still heavier forfeit.

On the face of it this seems a further incentive to extravagance in order to avoid having any investments. In reality it is a direct call to save and invest every available penny in an insurance policy.

It must be remembered that under the Income Tax Act money paid in Insurance premiums is entirely exempt from income tax, the amount of annual premiums being deducted by the insurer from his income tax return, "*Such deduction, however, being limited to one-sixth of the income.*"

Suppose a man finds that he has £100 saved at the end of a year, then, if he invest it, he has first of all to pay income tax on it, either one hundred qds. if his income be under £2,000, or one hundred 1s. 2ds. if his income be over £2,000 per annum. In all future years he has to pay 1s. 2d. in the £ on the dividends from the sum invested.

If, on the other hand, he pays that sum in premiums to an Insurance Company he saves the payment of income tax upon it and upon the dividends derived from it. In addition he is insured for several thousands of pounds according to his age, the amount

of premium he pays, and the kind of policy he takes up.

At this point, I know, many people will bring forward objections; such as, "I can't get at my money if it's paid to an Insurance office," "I might not be able to save enough to pay the premiums every year," and or "I want to invest my savings in something with a high rate of interest."

This kind of remark is simply the result of ignorance of the power of the modern policy to fit every possible occasion, and a lack of knowledge of the value of insurance as an investment.

To take the first objection, few people realise that a "non-forfeitable" policy—i.e. a policy which, after existing, say, for 5 years would not be forfeited in the event of the payment of premium being stopped—would be accepted at almost any bank as a security against overdraft. The Insurance Company itself is glad to lend the Assured a considerable amount of the paid-up value on the policy simply being deposited with them. The rate of interest is about 4 per cent.

Suppose a man of 30 takes out a life policy (profit sharing) for which he pays £100 a year. At the end of 5 years he can borrow about £200 (including the surrender of the bonuses) i.e. about 58 per cent. of the total amount paid in premiums. At the end of 10 years having paid £1,000 in premiums he can borrow £630, after 20 years £1,550, and after 40 years he can borrow £4,300, or £300 more than he has paid in premiums.

If a policy is subjected to only a limited

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of men, women, and children may advantageously effect insurances with the

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ANNUITY**
of £100 from
age fourteen to
nineteen.



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In this case a
**Half Premium
Endowment**
costs £17 10s. 0d. p.a.
for first five years
and £31 7s. 6d. p.a.
for next 25 years,
and at age 55 draws
£1,000



Age 30
Pays £7 a year
for 30 years, and
at age 60 enjoys
a Pension of £30
a year for the
rest of life, or
takes
£360 cash.



Age 45
Thinks of
**ESTATE
DUTIES**
and pays
£32 10s. 10d. a
year to secure
£1,000, payable
at death.



Age 65
Deposits
£1,000,
and enjoys an
ANNUITY
of £104 10s. 10d.
for remainder of
life.

Write for particulars of the scheme most suited to your needs, to

Dept. Q, NORWICH UNION LIFE OFFICE, NORWICH.

HOW THE APPLES GROW.

MR. J. S. REDMAYNE, M.A., writes a delightful exposition of "Fruit Farming in the Dry Belt of British Columbia" (the *Times* Book Club; 1s. net). To the pessimistic horticulturist of our own untoward climate the book reads like a romance, and incites one to wonder why Nature should be so ungrudging of her bounties in that not very far off land, and so captious and niggardly with regard to the fruit crops in the beloved Mother Country. The *Dry Belt* is only dry in comparison with the *Wet Belts* which stretch to east and west of it, and the dryness consists, not in a continuance of drought, but in an eternal freedom from fog and damp and drizzle, and in the perennial blessing of a light, dry, exhilarating atmosphere which, as the Duke of Argyll so aptly declares, "makes existence a joy even for old age."

As for the apple-growing, the book is delightfully illustrated with actual photographs, and one gathers encouraging and truthful ideas apace the returns which the hardy young Briton, seeking a modest fortune in this grand new country, may safely calculate upon.

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THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including July 31st, 1909:

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The *Church Army* acknowledges with many thanks a parcel of clothing from "Madresfield."

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number of annual payments, or is an endowment assurance (*i.e.* the sum assured being paid at a given age or at death should it occur previously), the amount that can be borrowed is larger in proportion to the premium paid.

The Norwich Union Life Office issues a policy to which a liberal surrender value attaches, anything from 50 per cent. of the premiums after the first in the early years, to as much as 140 per cent. of all the premiums paid.

When this policy has acquired a surrender value, any sum up to 95 per cent. thereof will be advanced to the policy holder, and the borrower can repay the whole or any part of his advance at any time without previous notice to the society.

Many companies are making special arrangements to meet the conveniences of those who say, "I might not be able to save enough every year to pay the premiums." The latest idea is a system of optional premiums, whereby the policy holder may, within reasonable limits, pay premiums of any amount he likes whenever he likes. Each premium is quite independent of any other premium, and secures a certain definite amount of insurance, no part of which is lost if the payments are not made regularly, or even if they cease altogether.

A man aged 30 next birthday, who takes out a whole life policy (*i.e.* one payable at death) would secure £26 10s. at death for every £10 then paid. If he paid nothing more until the third year (age 33 next birthday), he could still pay the same (or any less) amount and assure £25 for each £10 so paid (£2 10s. for each £1 paid). If he paid £10 in the first year, and nothing more till the fourth year (age 34 next birthday), his average payment for each year would be £3 6s. 8d., and his right to pay during that year would be limited to £7, *i.e.* twice the average amount paid during the three preceding years being £6 13s. 4d. If, after making his first payment, he made no further payment before attaining age 36, his right to make further payments would cease absolutely.

INSURANCE AS INVESTMENT.

Speaking generally, money invested at 4 per cent. (*i.e.* at a safe rate of interest) would not realise so much as money invested in a life insurance policy with profits. The

insured, as previously pointed out, has the further advantage of no income tax on his investments, and also the protection of being insured.

Here is the actual case of a man who, in 1870, took out a life insurance policy for £1,000 in the Australian Mutual Provident Society. Up to the end of 1908 he was entitled to bonus additions to the value of £1,224 6s., bringing the total sum for which he is insured up to £2,224 6s. His yearly premium is £22 7s. 8d., and the total premiums which he has paid amount to £850 11s. 4d. It is remarkable evidence of the value of insurance to note that the bonus additions are £373 14s. 8d. more than all the premiums paid; that the policy holder has been insured since 1870 for amounts varying from £1,000 to £2,224 6s., and the bonus for the year 1907 was £33 12s., or £11 4s. 4d. more than the premium paid for the year.

The policy can be converted into a fully paid-up whole life one of £1,908, free from all future payment of premiums, and entitled to participate in the profits so long as the policy holder lives. At the present time the cash surrender value of the policy and bonuses is £1,302.

One of the great arguments people have brought against insurance is, that it is impossible to determine at the time of insuring which class of insurance will best meet the circumstance of the policy holder late in life. To cope with this the Norwich Union have drawn up what is called an "Eight-Option Policy." Suppose a man of 30 takes out a policy for £1,000 at an annual premium of £28 9s. 7d. The payment of premiums ceased after the age of 60, and on attaining at that age he secures the following options, *all of which are absolutely guaranteed*. First, he can take cash sum down of £1,063, or he can take up a paid-up policy for £1,000 and cash payments £465. He can take an annuity of £55 2s. 4d. (beginning at the age of 60) and a cash sum of £465, or he can take a paid-up policy of £1,000, an annuity of £42 17s. (beginning at the age of 60). He can take up a paid-up policy of £500, an annuity of £70 8s. 2d. (beginning at the age of 60) or he can take an annuity of £97 9s. 4d. at the age of 60. If he be in good health he may prefer to take a paid-up policy of £1,730, or to continue paying premiums and hold a policy for £2,159. Payments are made half-yearly.

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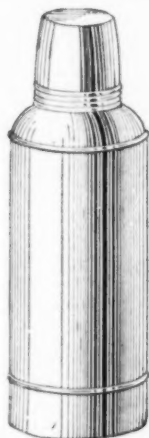
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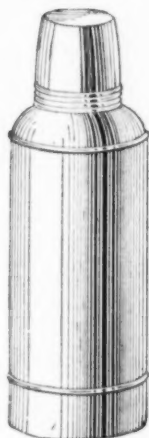
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We shall publish two more sets—that is, in the October and November numbers—and the first prize will be awarded for the correct list.

In the event of no reader mentioning all the firms or commodities correctly, the first prize will be awarded to the one who has the greatest number right; while should we receive more than one complete set absolutely correct, a further competition will be arranged of six pictures to decide the winner. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

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The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition. The published decision will be final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

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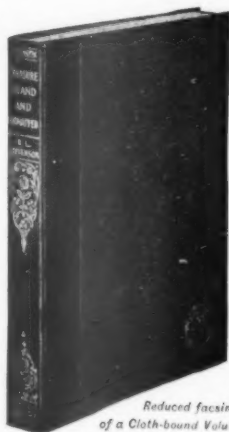


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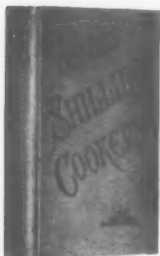
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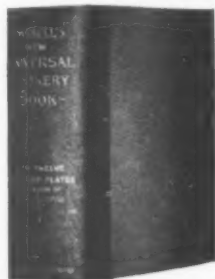
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